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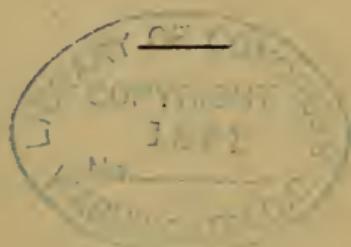


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# HIGH SCHOOL HYMN BOOK:

FOR

HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOLS,  
AND FAMILIES.



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PRACTICAL AND POPULAR SCHOOL AND FAMILY  
HYMN BOOKS.

- I. PRIMARY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.
- II. GRAMMAR SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.
- III. HIGH SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

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TO

The Memory of my Mother,

JULIA A. LEWIS,

*THIS VOLUME*

IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.



## P R E F A C E.

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SEVERAL motives have induced the Compiler to prepare a "Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Devotional Exercises in Schools."

1. A conviction that the cultivation of a religious element in our schools is of vital importance.
2. A belief that it is impolitic and inexpedient to use, especially in our Public Schools, collections of Psalms and Hymns set forth by any of the various religious denominations.
3. A belief that a School Hymn Book is needed which shall furnish a greater *variety* of hymns than is to be found in those now in use.
4. The Compiler has deeply felt the want of such a book in the institution and schools under his charge.

The Hymns have been carefully selected from

*P R E F A C E.*

the books used by the several religious denominations, from the numerous Sabbath School Song Books, from the "Lyra Germanica," and from Miss Anna Warner's beautiful collection, entitled "Hymns of the Church Militant."

That it may be blessed to the moral and religious improvement of the young, is the sincere prayer of

THE COMPILER.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT,  
July, 1864.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE propriety of devotional exercises in schools is recognized in all Christian communities. The experienced Teacher needs not to be told of their beneficial influence upon himself and pupils. Every one who acknowledges the truth of Revelation must admit that the labors of the Teacher who daily invokes God's blessing upon himself and his school, are more *likely* to be blessed than his in whose school the Scriptures are never read, God's praises not sung, and his throne not supplicated.

The characteristic of the present age is a covert spirit of scepticism; not that open infidelity and atheism which disgraced humanity in the days of the French Revolution, but a "high-toned, moral *liberality*," so called; a "liberality" which, while it does not openly assail the doctrines of the Christian religion, yet recognizes in the Holy Scriptures only a "code of morals," and in the Deity only a misty "First Cause," or embodiment of Nature. This, though less repulsive and odious, is far more dangerous than open infidelity. Many a young person, whose religious training and education cause him to shrink back from the latter, unhesitatingly embraces the former.

Much, very much, can be done by Teachers to counteract this growing spirit of scepticism. It would be

## INTRODUCTION.

hardly *possible* for a child to grow up an infidel, or a sceptic, if *all* our schools were daily opened with appropriate religious exercises. "Just as the twig is bent," &c., is not more true of the intellect than of the heart and soul.

According to some who have investigated the subject, *two thirds* of our population never attend public worship. If this be true, then *two thirds* of our people grow up as really and practically heathen as the benighted millions of Asia and Africa. On the other hand, almost every person attends, during some portion of childhood and youth, the public or private school. If the Scriptures are there daily and reverently read as God's Holy Word, and his name worshipped as the "name above every other name," is it not reasonable to believe that few, very few, would arrive at the age of maturity without some knowledge of the plan of salvation?

The question as to *what* are "appropriate religious exercises in schools," is worthy a passing notice. The following order seems to be generally received among Teachers:—

After the school has assembled in the morning, the doors are closed, and tardy pupils are not admitted until the devotions are finished. A portion of Scripture is then read by the Teacher, a Hymn is sung in which all join, and the exercise concludes with Prayer.

A few hints and cautions to those who are just entering upon the profession may not be inappropriate.

1. The doors should be closed *punctually*, at the last stroke of the bell, and the pupils *required* to give attention either by sitting erect and still, or, what is better, by following the reading of Scripture with Bibles in their hands. A *request* that "all who have Bibles should bring them," will insure the latter.

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2. The portion read should be *short*. If the chapter is long, let it be divided into *two* or more parts.

3. Occasionally (say, every second or third morning), let a Psalm be read by the Teacher and school alternately; the Teacher reading one verse, and the school the next, in concert.

4. At the conclusion of the reading, a Hymn is announced, and sung by all, *standing*. The tune should be one familiar to all, and the length of the Hymn should never exceed *three* or *four* verses.

5. PRAYER. The Teacher, on the first morning of each term, just before devotions, should say a few words about *attitude* and *attention*. He should *require* ALL to sit properly, without lounging, &c., during the reading, and to stand during the singing; and should *request* all to assume a devotional posture during prayer, kneeling or bowing the head, as may seem advisable. If an Assistant be present, those who misbehave during the exercise should be noted, and, at a proper time, admonished. If there is no Assistant, a monitor may be selected from the elder and more exemplary pupils for this purpose.

6. The Prayer should be *short*; and whether read \* or extemporized, should conclude with the Lord's Prayer, in which the pupils should be *requested* to join.

7. It will add interest to these exercises, if the Teacher will select portions or topics from the Old and New Testaments, such as the Creation and Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Lives of the Patriarchs; of Moses, David, the Savior, &c.

\* Those Teachers who use a form of Prayer will find a valuable assistant in "Brooks's School Manual of Devotion," or in any of the collections of Prayers for Families.

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8. On special occasions, such as the death of a pupil, &c., the Chapter and Hymn should be selected with reference to the event.

9. At the close, and before the pupils have taken their books, is an excellent opportunity for the Teacher to call the attention of the school to any matter of order, manners, or morals ; to give a word of advice or admonition ; or to make any announcement to the school.

10. If the school is closed with religious exercises, *one* or *two* verses of a Hymn, and a short Prayer, are appropriate. The length of this exercise should never exceed *five* minutes.

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# H Y M N S.



## FOR THE OPENING OF SCHOOL.

1. THE LORD'S PRAYER. S. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now ; —  
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;  
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles, defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.

2.

MORNING WORSHIP.

7s.

- 1 IN thy presence we appear ;  
Lord, we love to worship here,  
When, at morning prayer, we meet  
Thee upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
Touch our lips, and loose our tongue ;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend ;  
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,  
And we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 When from school we homeward turn,  
Let our hearts within us burn,  
That, at evening, we may say,  
“ We have walked with God to-day.”

3.

INVOCATION.

8s, 7s, & 4.

- 1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, thy children, now draw near :  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;  
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;  
Hear with meekness —  
Hear thy word with godly fear.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
    May we give them, Lord, to thee ;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
    May we run, nor weary be,  
        Till thy glory,  
    Without cloud, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
    All thy children shall adore ;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
    Than they could conceive before ;  
        Full enjoyment —  
    Full and pure for evermore.

4.

JER. XIX. 13.

7s.

1 LORD, we come before thee now ;  
    At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O, do not our suit disdain ;  
    Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;  
    In compassion now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
    Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,  
    Here we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, we cannot let thee go  
    Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word  
    That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
    Full salvation to each heart.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

5. CHRIST PRESENT WHEREVER WORSHIPPED. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy children meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

6. A BLESSING INVOKED ON WORSHIP. C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to thee  
With broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give what thine eye delights to see —  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility ; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong, desiring confidence  
To see thy face and live ; —

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

4 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay.

5 Give these, and then thy will be done :  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

7. TURNING ASIDE FROM THE WORLD TO GOD. L. M. 61.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Savior, we seek thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;  
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

8. ADORATION AND PRAISE. S. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !  
How wondrous is thy name !  
Thy glories how diffused abroad  
Through the creation's frame !

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

- 2 Nature, in every dress,  
    Her humble homage pays,  
    And finds a thousand ways t' express  
        Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing  
    To her Creator too ;  
    Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
        And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend  
    The remnant of my days,  
    And to my God my soul ascend  
        In sweet perfumes of praise.

9.     TRUE WORSHIP EVERYWHERE ACCEPTED.     L. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
    The Psalmist's sacred harp was strung,  
    Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
        And prophets praised with glowing tongue !
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
    The favored worshipper may dwell,  
    Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
        Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
    The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
    The incense of the heart, may rise  
        To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
    The holy prophets' harp was strung !  
    To thee, at last, in every clime,  
        Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

10. SAINTS AND ANGELS EVER PRAISING GOD.

7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun ;  
Then he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amid eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

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11.

THE DIVINE GOODNESS CELEBRATED.

7s.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
Be thy glorious name adored ;  
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,  
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring  
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;  
Then on high we'll joyful raise  
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Be thy glorious name adored.

12.

1 CHRON. XXIX. 10-13.

8s & 7s.

- 1 BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,  
Thou, our Father and our Lord ;  
Blest thy majesty forever ;  
Ever be thy name adored.
- 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness ;  
Glory, victory, are thine own ;  
All is thine in earth and heaven,  
Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee, and honor ;  
Power and might to thee belong ;  
Thine it is to make us prosper,  
Only thine to make us strong.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

4 Lord, to thee, thou God of mercy,  
    Hymns of gratitude we raise ;  
To thy name, forever glorious,  
    Ever we address our praise.

13.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

7s & 6s.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
    And keeps his courts below ;  
Praise him for his boundless love,  
    And all his greatness show.  
Praise him for his noble deeds ;  
    Praise him for his matchless power ;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
    Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around,  
    The great Immanuel's name ;  
Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
    The Prince of Peace proclaim.  
Praise him, every tuneful string ;  
    All the reach of heavenly art,  
All the power of music, bring —  
    The music of the heart.

3 Him in whom they move and live,  
    Let every creature sing ;  
Glory to our Savior give,  
    And homage to our King.  
Hallowed be his name beneath,  
    As in heaven, on earth adored ;  
Praise the Lord in every breath ;  
    *Let all things praise the Lord.*

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

14.

DAILY DEPENDENCE.

8s.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of Righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine.  
O, chase the clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring,  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy in my Savior's name,  
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,  
And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy, richly blessed,  
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest ;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O, lead me onward to the skies.
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun, —  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done, —  
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

15.

Ps. xix. 5, 8 ; lxxiii. 24, 25.

L. M.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep the heavenly way.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

16.

Ps. xix. 5, 8; lxiii. 24, 25.

L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily course of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
"Glory to thee, eternal King."

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

17. DAILY OBEDIENCE. GEN. V. 24; VI. 9. L. M.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,  
Our daily labor to pursue ;  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,  
In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray ;  
Would still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 3 For thee alone we would employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has given ;  
Would run our course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

18.

MORNING.

C. M.

- 1 To Thee let my first offerings rise,  
Whose sun creates the day,  
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh,  
So oft vouchsafed before ;  
Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
And I that hand adore.
- 3 Be this, and every future day,  
Still wiser than the past ;  
And when I all my life survey,  
May grace sustain at last.

19.

FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

L. M.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign will restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

20.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

8s & 6s.

- 1 FOR this life, that thou hast given,  
    We would give,  
    While we live,  
    Thanks, O God in heaven.
- 2 Give us minds and hearts improving ;  
    Thou canst give,  
    We receive,  
    If the heart be loving.
- 3 May thy grace to us be given ;  
    May thy truth  
    Guide our youth  
    In the path to heaven.

21.

ASCIPTION OF PRAISE.

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
    And hymns of glory sing :  
    Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
    The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;  
    He gave the seas their bound ;  
    The watery worlds are all his own,  
    And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
    Come, bow before this Lord ;  
    We are his works, and not our own ;  
    He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
    Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
    Come, like the people of his choice,  
    And own your gracious God.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

22.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing —  
    Help us to praise.  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
    Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, thou eternal Lord,  
By heaven and earth adored,  
    Our prayer attend.  
Come, and thy children bless ;  
Give thy good word success ;  
Make thine own holiness  
    On us descend.
- 3 Be thou our Comforter ;  
Thy sacred witness bear  
    In this glad hour.  
Omnipotent thou art :  
O, rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
    Spirit of power.

23.

MORNING SONG.

7s & 6s.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking ;  
    The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
    To penitential tears ;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
    Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
    Prepared for Zion's war.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
    In many a gentle shower,  
    And brighter scenes before us  
        Are opening every hour ;  
Each cry to heaven going  
    Abundant answer brings,  
    And heavenly gales are blowing,  
        With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending  
    Before the God we love,  
    And thousand hearts ascending  
        In gratitude above,  
While sinners, now confessing,  
    The gospel call obey,  
    And seek the Savior's blessing,  
        A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,  
    Pursue thy onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
    Nor in thy richness stay ;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
    Triumphant reach their home ;  
Stay not till all the holy  
    Proclaim, The Lord has come.

24.

MORNING PETITION.

L. M. 6 l.

1 As every day thy mercy spares  
    Will bring its trials or its cares,  
    O Father, till my life shall end,  
        Be thou my Counsellor and Friend ;

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

Teach me thy statutes, all divine,  
And let thy will be always mine.

- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,  
Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O, lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun, —  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done, —  
Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

25.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

7s.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo, thy children bend,  
Father, for thy blessing now ;  
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;  
We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,  
Be the taught and teachers blessed ;  
In our lives, and in our hearts,  
Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind  
Light and pardon from above,  
Charity for all our kind,  
Trusting faith, and holy love.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

26.

MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE nature welcomes in the day,  
My heart its earliest vows would pay  
To Him whose care hath kindly kept  
My life from danger while I slept.
- 2 His genial rays the sun renew ;  
How bright the scene with glittering dews !  
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,  
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.
- 3 So may the Sun of Righteousness  
With kindliest beams my bosom bless,  
Warm into life each heavenly seed,  
To bud and bear some generous deed.

27.

MORNING SONG.

7s & 6s.

- 1 THE eastern hills are glowing  
With morning's purple ray ;  
Arrayed in light, he's coming,  
The glorious orb of day.  
All hail, thou constant emblem  
Of Him who dwells above !  
Of Him so great and glorious,  
And yet so full of love.
- 2 How nature now rejoices,  
With life and beauty new !  
On every grass blade twinkles  
The pearly drop of dew.  
How good is He who made thee,  
Thou glorious orb of day !  
With grateful hearts we'll praise him  
In morning's earliest ray.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

28.

MORNING.

7s.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light ;  
Banish doubt and clear our sight ;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we labor, watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O, receive us then at last ;  
Night and sin will be no more  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

29.

THE SAME.

L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,  
O Lord, thy blessing we implore :  
We meet to read, and sing, and pray ;  
Be with us, Lord, through all this day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends  
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends :  
When in thy presence we appear,  
Help us to worship in thy fear.

*OPENING OF SCHOOL.*

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,  
May we above to glory soar,  
And praise thee in more lofty strains,  
Where perfect love and friendship reigns.

**30.**

MORNING SONG.

7s & 6s.

1 THE sun, in glory rising,  
Calls all to life and light,  
And all the forms of darkness  
Sink back to shades of night.

2 With joyful heart arising,  
I hail the stirring hours ;  
Sweet sleep, thy soothing poppies  
Renew my active powers.

3 Arise, my happy spirit,  
In thankful prayer and praise,  
To Him who guards my slumbers,  
And crowns with joy my days.

4 Receive, O heavenly Father,  
The humble song I raise,  
Though words are all too feeble  
To speak my love and praise.

**31.**

SCHOOL PRAYER.

7s & 8s.

1 HEAVENLY Father, bless the hours  
That we pass in useful learning !  
Sanctify our mental powers,  
All our thoughts to wisdom turning.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

2 Give us light to guide our way ;  
While thy Word is spread before us,  
May we ne'er in error stray ;  
May thy Spirit hover o'er us.

3 May no idle, ill-spent days  
Bow our parents' heads with sadness ;  
May our honest, well-earned praise  
Fill their grateful hearts with gladness.

4 Then, like plants that blossom fair,  
Which thy rain and sunshine nourish,  
Guarded by thy heavenly care,  
We for heaven shall grow and flourish.

32.

MORNING SONG OF THANKS.

5s.

1 BRIGHTLY glows the day ;  
Night has fled away ;  
Every joyful sound  
Echoes all around.

2 Sweet is morn to me !  
Thanks, O God, to thee !  
Thou a guard hast kept  
O'er me while I slept.

3 Hear me, while I raise  
This my song of praise ;  
May my heart to-day  
To thee ever pray.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

33.

MORNING SONG.

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE to have the morning come,  
For then I rise and quit my home,  
And haste to school with cheerful air,  
To meet my dearest teacher there.
- 2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray  
That God would bless me day by day,  
And safely guard and guide me still,  
And help me to obey his will.
- 3 'Tis there I sing a Savior's love,  
That brought him from his throne above,  
And made him suffer, bleed, and die  
For sinful creatures such as I.
- 4 From all the lessons I obtain  
May I a store of knowledge gain,  
And early seek my Savior's face,  
And gain from him supplies of grace.

34.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

8s.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known :  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
Thy wings shall my petition bear

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !

3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
May I thy consolation share ;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight :  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

35.

MORNING SONG.

C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
    Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
    To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats ;  
    The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,  
    To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;  
    My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
    And yet his wrath delays.

36.

MORNING HYMN.

C. M.

- 1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,  
    Implore we, bending low,  
    That He, the uncreated light,  
        May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
    Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
    But simple truth be on our tongue,  
        And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,  
    Our daily toil may tend ;  
    That we begin it at thy word,  
        And in thy favor end.

37.

THE SAME.

8s.

- 1 DEAR Jesus, I have learned to know  
    That thou dost ever list to me ;  
    And that, wherever I may go,  
        I still am always seen by thee.  
    O, keep me innocent and free  
        From every stain, from every fault,  
    That thou, my God, mayst never see  
        Within my breast a sinful thought.
- 2 O, teach me, Lord, what I should say ;  
    Let truth direct my every word ;  
    Nor let me speak, throughout the day,  
        Aught that should not by thee be heard.  
    Dear Jesus, let me be thine own :  
        To rise to thee my life was given,  
    As flowers, that on the earth are sown,  
        Shoot up, and bear their sweets to heaven.

*OPENING OF SCHOOL.*

**38.**      MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.      6s & 5s.

- 1 MORN amid the mountains !  
    Lovely solitude !  
    Gushing streams and fountains  
    Murmur, God is good.
- 2 Now, the glad sun, breaking,  
    Pours a golden flood ;  
    Deepest vales, awaking,  
    Echo, God is good.
- 3 Hymns of praise are ringing  
    Through the leafy wood ;  
    Songsters, sweetly singing,  
    Warble, God is good.
- 4 Wake, and join the chorus,  
    Child, with soul endued ;  
    God, whose smile is o'er us,  
    God, O, God is good !

**39.**      MORNING HYMN.      C. M.

- 1 My God, who mak'st the sun to know  
    His proper hour to rise,  
    And to give light to all below,  
    Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east  
    His morning race begins,  
    He never tires nor stops to rest,  
    But round the world he shines.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

3 So like the sun would I fulfil  
    The business of the day,  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
    March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
    Nor let my soul complain  
That all the morning of my days  
    Has been consumed in vain.

40.

MORNING HYMN.

H. M.

1 AGAIN we meet, O Lord,  
    Again we fill this place,  
To hear thy holy word,  
    To ask thy promised grace,  
To thank thee for the gifts we share,  
    The children of thy love and care.

2 Grant us the listening ear,  
    The understanding heart,  
The mind and will sincere  
    To choose the better part,  
To take the learner's lowly seat,  
    And gather wisdom at thy feet.

3 Through this, and every day,  
    Teach us thy paths to tread ;  
Nor let our feet astray,  
    By Satan's wiles, be led ;  
But keep us in the narrow road —  
    The way to glory and to God.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

41.

MORNING HYMN.

8s.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely passed the silent night ;  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.

2 O, guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,  
When dangers press around my head.

42.

THE SAME.

C. M.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song  
To thee I cheerful raise :  
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,  
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,  
I passed the shades of night,  
Serene, and safe from every harm,  
To see the morning light.

3 O, let the same almighty care  
Through all this day attend ;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

43.

GOD IS LOVE.

6s & 5s.

1 Lo, the heavens are breaking,  
    Pure and bright, above ;  
Life and light, awaking,  
    Murmur, God is love.

2 Music now is ringing  
    Through the leafy grove ;  
Songsters, sweetly singing,  
    Warble, God is love.

3 Wake, my heart, and, springing,  
    Spread thy wings above ;  
Soaring still, and singing, —  
    Singing, God is love.

44.

WORSHIP.

L. M.

1 GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,  
    We bow before thy mercy seat,  
To worship thee, the Holy One,  
    And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day !  
    O, give thy children joy and peace !  
The tokens of thy love display,  
    And favor that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;  
    His path of life we long to tread ;  
Here be his holy doctrines taught,  
    And here their purest influence shed.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound,  
Our sins and errors be forgiven,  
And we, in thy great day, be found  
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

45.

THANKSGIVING.

8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morning  
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew ;  
Praise him when revived creation  
Beams with beauties fair and new.
- 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes  
Come so fragrant from the flowers ;  
Praise, thou willow by the brook-side,  
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.
- 3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing  
Guide us in the way of truth,  
Keep our feet from paths of error,  
Make us holy in our youth.
- 4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven ;  
Angels, sing your sweetest lays ;  
All things utter forth his glory,  
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

46.

MORNING INVOCATION.

7s.

- 1 SLEEP forsakes us ; may the soul  
Gladden in its Maker's sight,  
As the clouds, that o'er us roll,  
Sparkle in the morning light.

*OPENING OF SCHOOL.*

2 God of life, be thou the ray  
    Of our dim and wandering course ;  
Light us, as the star of day,  
    . On to truth's eternal source.

**47.**

**MORNING HYMN.**

**C. M.**

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
    My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
    To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight  
    The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
    Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
    In ways of righteousness ;  
Make every path of duty straight  
    And plain before my face.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

FOR THE CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

**48.**

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

C. M.

- 1 OUR Father, who in heaven art,  
Thy name all hallowed be,  
Thy kingdom come within my heart,  
Thy will be done by me.
- 2 Give me this day my daily bread,  
And all my sins forgive,  
As I forgive in thought and deed  
The injuries I receive.
- 3 And in temptation's dreadful hour,  
From evil keep me free ;  
For thine's the kingdom, glory, power,  
Throughout eternity.

**49.**

AN EVENING HYMN.

7s & 6s.

- 1 FOR all the happy moments  
We've passed together here,  
Receive, O heavenly Father,  
Our thanks from hearts sincere.
- 2 Here have we learned the value  
Of every passing hour ;  
O, may their right improvement  
To endless life endure !

3 And may the seed here planted  
    Take firm and vital root,  
And may it bear in future  
    A rich, immortal fruit.

50.

AN EVENING HYMN.

8s & 7s.

- 1 WHILE the sun's last rays are shining,  
    Fringing all with golden light,  
And the day is now declining,  
    Fading into peaceful night, —
- 2 Father, may my restless spirit  
    Share the calm that reigns around ;  
May my soul sweet peace inherit,  
    Such as in thy Son is found.
- 3 Dwelling in a world of beauty,  
    With all nature fresh and fair,  
May my spirit, warned by duty,  
    Something of that beauty wear.
- 4 May this summer \* evening's quiet  
    Reign forever in my heart ;  
And the fountains that supply it,  
    May they virtue's self impart.
- 5 But, above all blessings, Father,  
    May a child-like trust be mine ;  
Then, though storms of sorrow gather,  
    I'll repose on aid divine.

\* *Autumn* or *winter* may be substituted.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**51.**

AN EVENING HYMN.

C. M.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard ;  
And still to drive my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around ;  
But O, how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for Him that died  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as the minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.

**52.**

EVENING.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise ;  
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass  
    And every onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
    And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
    Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
    And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
    Of Christ, my Lord ; his name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
    And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,  
    With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
    And wake with praises to thy name.

**53.**

*EVENING HYMN.*

**L. M.**

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
    For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,  
    Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
    The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
    I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
    The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
    Triumphing rise at the last day.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O, when shall I, in endless day,  
Forever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King ?
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**54.**

*EVENING HYMN.*

**L. M.**

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord hath led me on ;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 **MUCH** of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past ;  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 **I** lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head,  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
    My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
    With sweet salvation in the sound.

**55.**

*CLOSE OF THE WEEK.*

**C. M.**

1 O LORD, another week is flown,  
    And we, a youthful band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
    To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear  
    To praises low as ours ?  
Thou wilt ; for thou dost love to hear  
    The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
    As in thy name we pray ;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
    And we are weak as they.

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,  
    And bid our passion cease,  
And shed abroad in every heart  
    Thine everlasting peace.

**56.**

*PSALM CXLI. 2.*

**7s.**

1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
- 4 Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

57.

EVENING.

S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O, may we ever keep in mind  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all,  
And leave our souls undressed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
To view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run, —

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 That when our days are past,  
    And we from time remove,  
We then may in thy bosom rest,  
    The bosom of thy love.

**58.**

EVENING. PSALM CXXI. 4.

7s.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,  
    Welcome to my wearied head ;  
Welcome, slumber, to mine eyes,  
    Tired with glaring vanities.

2 That kind eye, which cannot sleep,  
    These defenceless hours shall keep :  
By my heavenly Father blessed,  
    Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 What if death my sleep invade ?  
    Should I be of death afraid ?  
While encircled by thine arm,  
    Death may strike, but cannot harm.

4 With thy heavenly presence blessed,  
    Death is life, and labor rest :  
Welcome, sleep or death, to me, —  
    Still secure, for still with thee.

**59.** EVENING PRAYER FOR DIVINE PROTECTION. 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing,  
    Ere repose our eyelids seal :  
Sin and want we come confessing ;  
    Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee :  
Thou art he who, never weary,  
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

60.

EVENING PRAYER.

C. M.

1 O THOU, whose ever-watchful eye  
Unceasing watch does keep,  
Who to thy best belovéd ones  
Dost give refreshing sleep, —

2 With thy kind guardian wing o'ershade  
Thy servants' slumbering head,  
And through the visions of the night  
Thy holy influence shed.

3 Let wearied nature in thine arms  
Enjoy a sweet repose,  
Till to our gladdened eyes the morn  
Its pleasant light disclose.

61.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day !  
Begone, disturbing care !  
And look, my soul, from earth away  
To Him who heareth prayer.
- 2 How sweet the tear of penitence  
Before his throne of grace,  
While to the contrite spirit's sense  
He shows his smiling face !
- 3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,  
His mercies to recall,  
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,  
To trust his love for all !
- 4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear him call his children up  
To his fair home on high !
- 5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven  
To dawn beyond the west ;  
So let my soul, in life's last even,  
Retire to glorious rest.

62.

THE SCHOLAR'S PRAYER.

7 & 6s.

- 1 O FATHER; look upon us,  
Here at thy feet to-day ;  
And, though our words are feeble,  
Thou know'st what we would say.
- 2 Though thou art in the heavens,  
Thou guardest all below ;  
Teach us to learn and follow  
All that we ought to know.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Teach us to use thy blessings,  
From stings of conscience free ;  
May we be gay and happy  
Without forgetting thee.

4 May we go on improving  
The time that thou hast given ;  
And may we not, O Father,  
E'er lose the way to heaven.

63. —

*CLOSING HYMN.*

6s.

1 DEAR Father, ere we part,  
Now let thy grace descend,  
And fill each youthful heart  
With peace from Christ, our Friend ;  
May showers of blessings from above  
Descend, and fill our hearts with love,  
Descend, and fill our hearts with love.

2 May we, in after years,  
With gratitude review  
The service of this day,  
The works we now pursue ;  
And speed our way to worlds above,  
With hearts all fired with holy love,  
With hearts all fired with holy love.

3 We know that soon on earth  
The fondest ties must end ;  
Our own most cherished hopes  
To death's cold hand must bend :  
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,  
Must soon lie withered in the tomb,  
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

4 Then, when our spirits leave  
These tenements of clay,  
May they to God, who gave,  
Ascend, in endless day,  
To join with parents, teachers, friends,  
That anthem sweet which never ends,  
That anthem sweet which never ends.

64.

FOR THE CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, thy ceaseless love  
Has brought us to another day ;  
Blessed with thy kindness from above,  
Another week has passed away.
- 2 Grant us, O Lord, a grateful heart  
To feel thy kindness and obey ;  
Ne'er may we from thy love depart,  
Ne'er may we leave thy heavenly way.
- 3 Grant us, this day, a willing mind  
To learn what thou wouldest have us do,  
And how we may thy favor find,  
And love and serve each other too.
- 4 Thy happy children may we live,  
Thy happy children may we die ;  
To all may God, our Father, give  
A home of peace above the sky.

65.

TO-MORROW.

S. M.

- 1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awake, by thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;  
O, be that still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young, golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night.

**66.**

RETIREMENT.

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love, in solitude, to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
My cares and sorrows all to cast  
On Him whom I adore.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**67.**

DISMISSION.

**L. M.**

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
Give every burdened soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

**68.**

EVENING.

**S. M.**

- 1 THE swift declining day,  
How fast its moments fly !  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light ;  
And know, its Maker can command  
At once eternal night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere :  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break  
Through death's impending gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
In your celestial home.

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

69.

AN EVENING PSALM.

C. M.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
I am forever thine ;  
I fear before thee all the day ;  
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And when I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing, on my bed,  
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice,  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith, my hope, relies  
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

70.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

2 " Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ; —  
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you, and all mankind.

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign : —
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song : —
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin, and never cease."

71.

EVENING HYMN.

8s & 7s.

- 1 As the dewy shades of even  
Gather o'er the balmy air,  
Listen, blessed Savior, listen,  
Listen to our evening prayer.
- 2 Blessed Jesus, near me hover,  
Free my thoughts from aught defiled ;  
With thy wings of mercy cover,  
Keep from sin thy helpless child.
- 3 Thine own sinless heart was broken,  
Sorrow pierced thy bosom's core ;  
Blessed Savior, by that token  
Now thy pity I implore.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Jesus, Savior, guard and guide me ;  
Save my soul from dark despair ;  
In thy tender bosom hide me ;  
Take me, Lord, into thy care.

**72.**                   EVENING PRAYER.                   11s & 10s.

1 FADING, still fading ; the last beam is shining :  
Father in heaven, the day is declining ;  
Safety and innocence fly with the light ;  
Temptation and danger walk forth with the  
night ;  
From the fall of the shade till the morning  
bells chime,  
Shield me from danger, save me from crime.  
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ,  
our Lord. Amen.

2 Father in heaven, O, hear when we call ;  
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all ;  
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might ;  
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light ;  
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night  
taper burns —  
Wake in thy arms when morning returns.  
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ,  
our Lord. Amen.

**73.**                   AFTER A DAY OF DIFFICULTY.                   7s.

1 LORD, a happy child of thine,  
Patient through the love of thee,  
In the light, the life, divine,  
Lives and walks at liberty.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Leaning on thy tender care,  
Thou hast led my soul aright ;  
Fervent was my morning prayer ;  
Joyful is my song to-night.
- 3 O my Savior, Guardian true,  
All my life is thine to keep ;  
At thy feet my work I do ;  
In thy arms I fall asleep.
- 4 Tender mercies, on my way  
Falling softly like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless the Lord for you.
- 5 Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To eternal love I owe.
- 6 Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to thee  
Be an everlasting song.

74.

*ANOTHER DAY.*

C. M.

- 1 Now, O my soul, the circling sun  
Has all his beams withdrawn ;  
Once more his daily race is run,  
And gloomy night comes on.
- 2 Thus one day more of life is gone ;  
A doubtful few remain ;  
Come, then, review what thou hast done  
Eternal life to gain.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,  
As time still posts away,  
And die to sin, and grow in grace,  
With every passing day?
- 4 This day what conquest hast thou gained?  
What sin is overcome?  
What fresh degree of grace obtained,  
To bring thee nearer home?
- 5 Thus let us still our course review,  
Our real state to learn,  
And with redoubled zeal pursue  
Our great and chief concern.

**75.**

**EVENING HYMN.**

**6s & 5s.**

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,  
Lend a listening ear ;  
When we bow before thee,  
Infant praises hear.
- 2 Though thou art so holy,  
Heaven's almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen  
When thy praise we sing.
- 3 Save us, Lord, from sinning ;  
Watch us day by day ;  
Help us now to love thee ;  
Take our sins away.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Then, when Jesus calls us  
    To our heavenly home,  
We would gladly answer,  
    “Savior, Lord, we come !”

76.

EVENING HYMN.

C. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at the closing hour,  
    When we a while must part,  
A song of praise to God we pour,  
    With melody of heart.
- 2 'Tis by his goodness we are led  
    Within these favored walls,  
And every footstep here we tread  
    Thy goodness still recalls.
- 3 O, while we here our time employ,  
    Permit us to improve  
In useful knowledge, and enjoy  
    The tokens of thy love.
- 4 In kindness, when we separate,  
    Regard our tender prayer ;  
And let us, when again we meet,  
    A Father's blessing share.

77.

THE SAME.

8s & 7s.

- 1 HUMBLY at thy footstool kneeling,  
    Hear us, holy Father, pray ;  
Thou whose eye has watched us sleeping,  
    Safely keep us through the day ;  
Wilt thou, blessed Savior, guide us,  
    Cleanse our thoughts from every stain,  
Let the grace of thy pure spirit  
    Be our souls' delight and aim.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 When the day of life is over,  
    May we dwell with thee above ;  
May we join with seraphs hymning  
    Praise to thee, thou God of love ;  
There, with harps and angel voices,  
    May we swell a ceaseless song,  
Ever happy, ever holy,  
    Thou our God, and heaven our home.

78.

## PARTING HYMN.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**79.**

DISMISSION.

8s, 7s, & 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
    Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
    Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
    O, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
    For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
    In our hearts and lives abound ;  
    May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

**80.**

EVENING HYMN.

8s & 7s.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing  
    On the teaching of this day,  
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,  
    May from sin be turned away.
- 2 Have we wandered ? O, forgive us :  
    Have we wished from truth to rove ?  
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,  
    And incline our hearts to love.

**81.**

THE SAME.

7s.

- 1 BROTHERS, sisters, ere we part,  
    Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
    One last hymn of grateful praise.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore ;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Him who reigns in heaven  
Be eternal glory given ;  
Grateful for thy love divine,  
O, may all our hearts be thine.

82.

REFLECTIONS AT SUNSET.

7s & 6s

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding  
Serenely down the west :  
So, every care subsiding,  
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing  
The daylight's gentle close ;  
May angels, round me singing,  
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted  
Her crystal lamp on high ;  
So, when in death benighted,  
May hope illume the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning,  
The morrow's light shall break ;  
O, on that last bright morning,  
May I in glory wake.

83.

EVENING HYMN.

7s.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine,  
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;  
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth  
O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night and morning ray  
Took from thee the name of day :  
Now again the shades are nigh ;  
Listen to thy children's cry.
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,  
Lose the way to endless rest ;  
May no thoughts corrupt and vain  
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather help them still to rise  
Where our dearest treasure lies ;  
Help us in our daily strife ;  
Make us struggle into life.

84.

THE SAME.

S. M.

- 1 THE hours of evening close ;  
Its lengthened shadows, drawn  
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,  
And wait the morning dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail  
O'er forms of outward care ;  
Nor thought for "many things" assail  
The still retreat of prayer.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Our guardian Shepherd, near,  
    His watchful eye will keep,  
And, safe from violence and fear,  
    Will fold his flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light  
    Than earth's our spirits rouse,  
And call us, strengthened by his might,  
    To pay the Lord our vows.

85.

EVENING HYMN.

C. M.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts  
    Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
    Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
    Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
    More swift, more free, than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys  
    Do a new song require :  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
    Accept our hearts' desire.

86.

FROM PSALM I.

C. M.

1 How blest is he who ne'er consents  
    By ill advice to walk,  
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
    Where men profanely talk, —

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 But makes the perfect law of God  
    His business and delight,  
    Devoutly reads therein by day,  
    And meditates by night !

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,  
    With timely fruit does bend,  
    He still shall flourish, and success  
    All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,  
    No lasting root shall find ;  
    Untimely blasted, and dispersed  
    Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb  
    Before their Judge's face :  
    No formal hypocrite shall then  
    Among the saints have place ; —

6 For God approves the just man's ways ;  
    To happiness they tend :  
    But sinners, and the paths they tread,  
    Shall both in ruin end.

87.

FROM PSALM XVIII. OF DAVID.

L. M.

1 No change of time shall ever shock  
    My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;  
    For thou hast always been my rock,  
    A fortress and defence to me. \*

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God ;  
    My trust is in thy mighty power :  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
    At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,  
    To whom all praise we justly owe ;  
So shall I, by thy watchful care,  
    Be guarded safe from every foe.

88.

FROM PSALM XXV.

S. M.

1 To God, in whom I trust,  
    I lift my heart and voice :  
O, let me not be put to shame,  
    Nor let thy foes rejoice.

2 To me thy truth impart,  
    And lead me in thy way ;  
For thou art he that brings me help ;  
    On thee I wait all day.

3 Thy mercies and thy love,  
    O Lord, recall to mind ;  
And graciously continue still,  
    As thou wert ever, kind.

4 Let all my youthful crimes  
    Be blotted out by thee ;  
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,  
    In mercy think on me.

89.

FROM PSALM XXXIX.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, let me know my term of days,  
How soon my life will end ;  
The numerous train of ills disclose,  
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span ;  
A cipher sums my years ;  
And every man, in best estate,  
But vanity appears.
- 3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,  
With fruitless cares oppressed ;  
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell  
By whom 'twill be possessed.
- 4 Why, then, should I on worthless toys  
With anxious cares attend ?  
On thee alone my steadfast hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,  
And listen to my prayer,  
Who sojourn like a stranger here,  
As all my fathers were.
- 6 O, spare me yet a little time,  
My wasted strength restore,  
Before I vanish quite from hence,  
And shall be seen no more.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**90.**

FROM PSALM XLII.

**10s.**

1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,  
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,  
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?  
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?  
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,  
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;  
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;  
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

**91.**

FROM PSALM LVII.

**L. M.**

1 O GOD, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute :  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round :  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

**92.**

**AFTER A RAIN.**

**L. M.**

- 1 **LORD**, from thy unexhausted store  
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,  
Makes lands, that barren were before,  
With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 2 On rising ridges down it pours,  
And every furrowed valley fills ;  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,  
In which a blest increase distils.
- 3 Thy goodness does the circling year  
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;  
And where thy glorious paths appear,  
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 They drop on barren deserts, changed  
    By them to pastures fresh and green :  
The hills about, in order ranged,  
    In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn  
    The cheerful downs ; the valleys bring  
A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,  
    And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

**93.**

FROM PSALM LXXIV.

**C. M.**

1 THINE is the cheerful day, O Lord ;  
    Thine the return of night ;  
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,  
    And every feebler light.

2 By thee the borders of the earth  
    In perfect order stand ;  
The summer's warmth and winter's cold  
    Attend on thy command.

**94.**

FROM PSALM C.

**L. M.**

1 WITH one consent let all the earth  
    To God their cheerful voices raise,  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
    And sing before him songs of praise ; —

2 Convinced that he is God alone,  
    From whom both we and all proceed ;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
    The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O, enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;  
His mercy is forever sure ;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

95.

FROM PSALM CIII.

S. M.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul,  
His grace to thee proclaim ;  
And, all that is within me, join  
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul ;  
His mercies bear in mind ;  
Forget not all his benefits  
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,  
Upholds thee with his truth,  
And, like the eagle's, he renews  
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul ;  
His grace, his love proclaim ;  
Let all that is within me join  
To bless his holy name.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**96.**

FROM PSALM CXIX.

**C. M.**

- 1 How shall the young preserve their ways  
From all pollution free?  
By making still their course of life  
With thy commands agree.
- 2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,  
To thee for succor pray ;  
O, suffer not my careless steps  
From thy right paths to stray.
- 3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,  
Thy word, my treasure, lies,  
To succor me with timely aid  
When sinful thoughts arise.
- 4 Secured by that, my grateful soul  
Shall ever bless thy name ;  
O, teach me, then, by thy just laws  
My future life to frame.

**97.**

FROM PSALM CXXXI.

**7s.**

- 1 **LORD**, forever at thy side  
Let my place and portion be :  
Strip me of the robe of pride,  
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive  
All thy Spirit hath revealed ;  
Thou hast spoken — I believe,  
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,  
    Wearéd from the mother's breast,  
By no subtleties beguiled,  
    On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel, now and evermore  
    In the Lord Jehovah trust :  
Him, in all his ways, adore,  
    Wise, and wonderful, and just.

98.

FROM PSALM CXXXIII.

C. M.

1 How vast must their advantage be,  
    How great their pleasure prove,  
Who live like brethren, and consent  
    In offices of love !

2 True love is like the precious oil,  
    Which, poured on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
    Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does  
    On Hermon's top distil,  
Or like the early drops that fall  
    On Sion's favored hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat  
    Where the Almighty King  
The promised blessing has ordained,  
    And life's eternal spring.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**99.**

FROM PSALM CXLI.

**C. M.**

- 1 LORD, in thy sight, O, let my prayer  
Like morning incense rise,  
My lifted hands accepted be  
As evening sacrifice.
- 2 From hasty language curb my tongue,  
And let a constant guard  
Still keep the portal of my lips  
With wary silence barred.
- 3 From wicked men's designs and deeds  
My heart and hands restrain ;  
Nor let me share their evil works,  
Or their unrighteous gain..
- 4 Let upright men reprove my faults,  
And I shall think them kind ;  
Like healing oil upon my head  
I their reproof shall find.

**100.**

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

**C. M.**

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll  
Have much instruction given ;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may soar to heaven.

- 3 The fields provide me food, and show  
    The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
    In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
    Here my best comfort lies,  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
    And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law ;  
    Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
    Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
    To save my soul from hell ;  
Not all the books on earth beside  
    Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,  
    And take a fresh delight  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
    And meditate by night.

101.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
    What endless glory shines !  
Forever be thy name adored  
    For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
    Exhaustless riches find —  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
    And lasting as the mind.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublimer sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Savior there.

**102.**

*PSALM CIX.*

**L. M.**

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And, nightly, to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ; —

- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ; —
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

103.

PROVIDENCE.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid  
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

104.

PSALM XXIII.

8s.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

105.

PSALM XXXI. 15.

8s & 7s.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All our times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that formed us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb ;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,  
All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own thy hand,  
Still to thee surrendered stand,  
Know that thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all thy own.

106.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
With never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his gracious will.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds you so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

**107.**

*REDEMPTION.*

**S. M.**

- 1 Ah, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God ?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God,  
Who can with thee contend ?  
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end ?

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
    Their ancient seats forsake ;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
    Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
    Contend with such a God ?  
None, none can meet him, and escape,  
    But through the Savior's blood.

108.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOR, source of every blessing,  
    Tune my heart to grateful lays ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
    Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
    Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
    While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
    Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
    Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
    Safe through life, thus far, I'm come ;  
And, O Lord, when life is ended,  
    Bring me to my heavenly home.

109.

GOD'S DIRECTION ASKED.

C. M.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,  
    Unconscious of its load !  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
    To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine  
    The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, almighty Savior, thine  
    To form the heart anew ; —
- 3 To chase the shades of death away,  
    And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
    'Tis thine alone to give.
- 4 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,  
    And give them life divine ;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
    Almighty Lord, be thine.

110.

THE CHURCH.

S. M.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
    That soared the earth around,  
But not a resting-place above  
    The cheerless waters found, —
- 2 O, cease, my wandering soul,  
    On restless wing to roam ;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
    Has not for thee a home.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door ;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blessed.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
Then rest on Sion's hill.

**111.**

**CHRISTIAN UNION.**

**S. M.**

- 1 **BLESSED** is the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,  
How keen, how deep the pain !  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

**112. AFTER THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURES. L. M.**

1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word  
Which, through thy grace, we now have  
heard ;  
O, may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in our school to seek thy face :  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

**113. COMING OF CHRIST.**

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free :  
From our sins and fears release us ;  
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints, thou art ;  
Long desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, yet God our King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit  
    Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit  
    Raise us to thy glorious throne.

114.

EVENING SONG.

L. M.

- 1 SWEET evening hour ! sweet evening hour !  
That calms the air, and shuts the flower,  
That brings the wild bee to its rest,  
The infant to its mother's breast !
- 2 O season of soft sounds and hues,  
Of twilight walks among the dews,  
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,  
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !
- 3 Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time  
When feelings flow and wishes climb ;  
When timid souls begin to dare,  
And God receives and answers prayer.
- 4 Then, trembling through the dewy skies,  
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes  
Of angels, calm reclining there,  
And gazing on this world of care.
- 5 Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made,  
When Isaac walked and Daniel prayed,  
When Abram's offering God did own,  
And Jesus loved to be alone !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**115.**

END OF THE YEAR.

**C. M.**

1 TIME hastens on ; ye longing saints,  
    Now raise your voices high,  
And magnify that sovereign love  
    Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs, salvation comes ;  
    Each moment brings it near :  
Then welcome each declining day,  
    Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,  
    Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
    To our transported eyes.

**116.**

THE SAME. ST. LUKE XIII. 6-9.

**C. M.**

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,  
    A barren fig-tree stands ;  
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,  
    Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year the tree he views,  
    And still no fruit is found ;  
Then, "Cut it down," the Lord commands,  
    "Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But, lo ! the gracious Savior pleads :  
    "The barren fig-tree spare ;  
Another year in mercy wait ;  
    It yet may bloom and bear.

4 "But, if my culture prove in vain,  
And still no fruit be found,  
I plead no more ; destroy the tree,  
And root it from thy ground."

117.

NEW YEAR.

L. M.

- 1 THE God of life, whose constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year,  
My scanty span doth still prolong,  
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since to this day the changing sun  
Through his last yearly period run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
"Or through this year, or month, or day,  
I shall retain this vital breath ;  
Thus far, at least, in league with death " ?
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God ;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign ;  
Make them and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they live secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, panting to be gone,  
May bid the tide of time roll on,  
To land them on that happy shore  
Where years and death are known no more.

- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long-expected year, begin ;  
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

118.

WATCHFULNESS.

S. M.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down ;  
The work of faith will not be done  
Till thou obtain' the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

**119.**

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

C. M.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,  
    Why heaves the secret sigh?  
    'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
    Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things, beloved,  
    My anxious thoughts employed ;  
    And time unhallowed, unimproved,  
    Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
    Chase from my laboring breast ;  
    Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer ;  
    That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;  
    And when thy sure decree  
    Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
    O, speed my soul to thee.

**120.**

SUPPLICATION.

7s, 8l.

- 1 SAVIOR, when, in dust, to thee  
    Low we bow th' adoring knee ;  
    When, repentant, to the skies  
    Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;  
    O, by all thy pains and woe,  
    Suffered once for man below,  
    Bending from thy throne on high,  
    Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,  
    By thy human griefs and fears,  
    By thy fasting and distress  
    In the lonely wilderness,

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

By thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorns ;  
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,  
By thy perfect sacrifice ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep, expiring groan,  
By the sealed sepulchral stone ;  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By thy power from death to save,  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Savior, hear our cry ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

**121.**

*DIVINE ASSISTANCE IMPLORÉ.*

**L. M.**

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego ?

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

**122.**

THANKSGIVING.

**7s, 6 l.**

**PART I.**

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ :  
All to thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,—  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores, —  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams, —  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**PART II.**

- 5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Though the sickening flock should fall,  
And the herd desert the stall ;  
Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy,  
Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,  
Still to thee, our God, we owe ;  
Though of earthly hopes bereft,  
Yet our hope of heaven is left ;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

**123.**

**PSALM CXVII.**

**L. M.**

- 1 **FROM** all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Jehovah's glorious name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 **Eternal** are thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

124.

THE ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP.

7s, 8 l.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,  
    Wise, beneficent, and kind,  
    Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
        Flows thy goodness unconfined.  
    Musing in the silent grove,  
        Or the busy walks of men,  
    Still we trace thy wondrous love  
        Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,  
    At thine altars when we bow ?  
    Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring  
        Whence the kind affections flow ;  
    Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
        By the melting eye expressed ;  
    Sympathy, at whose control  
        Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,  
    Heal the wounded, feed the poor ;  
    Love, embracing all our kind ;  
        Charity, with liberal store :  
    Teach us, O thou heavenly King,  
        Thus to show our grateful mind,  
    Thus th' accepted offering bring —  
        Love to thee and all mankind.

125.

THE WANDERER.

S. M.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep ;  
        I did not love the fold ;  
    I did not love my Father's voice,  
        I would not be controlled :

I was a wayward child ;  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice ;  
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild :  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love ;  
They saved the wandering one.

3 They spoke in tender love ;  
They raised my drooping head ;  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds ;  
My fainting soul they fed.  
They washed my filth away ;  
They made me clean and fair ;  
They brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is ;  
'Twas he that loved my soul ;  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood ;  
'Twas he that made me whole ;  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep ;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis he that still doth keep.

5 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled ;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice ;  
I love the peaceful fold :  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam ;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice ;  
I love, I love my home.

126.

KINDNESS.

11s & 8s.

1 BE kind to thy father — for when thou wert young,  
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?  
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,  
And joined in thy innocent glee.  
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,  
His locks intermingled with gray ;  
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;  
Thy father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy mother — for, lo ! on her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen ;  
O, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,  
For loving and kind hath she been.  
Remember thy mother — for thee will she pray  
As long as God giveth her breath ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

With accents of kindness, then, cheer her  
lone way  
E'en to the dark valley of death. .

3 Be kind to thy brother — his heart will have  
dearth

If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth  
If the dew of affection be gone.  
Be kind to thy brother — wherever you are,  
The love of a brother shall be  
An ornament purer and richer by far  
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister — not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love ;

The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold ;

Be kind to thy mother, so near ;

Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart  
cold ;

Be kind to thy sister, so dear.

**127.**

*NATIONAL HYMN.*

6s & 4s.

1 My country ! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 My native country ! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
    Thy name I love :  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
    Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
    Sweet freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
    The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To thee we sing :  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by thy might,  
    Great God, our King.

**128.**

MISSIONARY HYMN.

7s & 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
    From India's coral strand ;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
    Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
    From many a palmy plain, —  
They call us to deliver  
    Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high, —  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! — O, salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel call obey.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,  
Heathen tribes his name adore ;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease ;  
Then be banished grief and pain ;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord ;  
Ever praise his glorious name ;  
All his mighty acts record,  
All his wondrous love proclaim.

**130.**

**THE SINNER INVITED.**

**6s & 4s.**

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Filled with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow ;  
Yield thee to-day :  
Heaven bids thee come  
While yet there's room ;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die ?  
Come, while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high ;  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**131.**

REST.

S. M.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found —  
    Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
    Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
    The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
    Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
    There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
    And all that life is love..
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
    Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
O, what eternal horrors hang  
    Around the second death !
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace,  
    Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
    Forevermore undone.

**132.**

PRAISE.

8s & 7s.

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise thee  
    For the bliss thy love bestows,  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
    And the peace that from it flows ;  
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor ;  
    This dull soul to rapture raise ;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
    Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away :  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express ;  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless ;  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
And since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

133.

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES.

7s.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure —  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know, —  
These for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone :  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

134.

CHRIST'S BLOOD.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
—Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

**135.** HEAVEN THE HOME OF THE CHRISTIAN. 6s & 4s.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here ;  
Heaven is my home ;  
Earth is a desert drear ;  
Heaven is my home ;  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand ;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage ?  
Heaven is my home ;  
Short is my pilgrimage ;  
Heaven is my home.  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast ;  
I shall reach home at last ;  
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There, at my Savior's side,  
Heaven is my home ;  
I shall be glorified ;  
Heaven is my home ;  
There are the good and blessed,  
Those whom I love the best ;  
There too I soon shall rest ;  
Heaven is my home.

**136.** NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

- 1 O, SING to me of heaven,  
When I am called to die ;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**CHORUS.** There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there,  
In heaven above, where all is love ;  
There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 When the last moment comes,  
    O, watch my dying face,  
    To catch the bright, seraphic gleam,  
    Which o'er my features plays.
- 3 Then to my raptured soul  
    Let one sweet song be given ;  
    Let music cheer me last on earth,  
    And greet me first in heaven.
- 4 Then round my senseless clay  
    Assemble those I love,  
    And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
    My glorious home above.

**137.**

*UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.*

**C. M.**

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
    How sweet the lily grows !  
    How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
    Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
    The paths of peace have trod —  
    Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
    Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
    The lily must decay ;  
    The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
    Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
    Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
    And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,  
    We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
    To keep us still thine own.

**138.**

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

**L. M.**

1 Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,  
    From which none ever wakes to weep —  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
    Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet  
    To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to sing,  
    That Death has lost his venom'd sting !

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,  
    Whose waking is supremely blessed :  
No fear, no woe shall dim the hour  
    That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me  
    May such a blissful refuge be ;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
    And wait the summons from on high.

139.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1 THERE is a beautiful world,  
Where saints and angels sing ;  
A world where peace and pleasure reign,  
And heavenly praises ring.

CHORUS. We'll be there, we'll be there ;  
Palms of victory, crowns of glory,  
We shall wear,  
In that beautiful world on high.

2 There is a beautiful world,  
Where sorrows never come,  
A world where tears shall never fall  
In sighing for our home.

3 There is a beautiful world,  
Unseen to mortal sight,  
And darkness never enters there ;  
That home is fair and bright.

4 There is a beautiful world  
Of harmony and love ;  
O, may we safely enter there,  
And dwell with God above.

140.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

S. M.

1 FOREVER with the Lord !  
Amen, so let it be !  
Life from the dead is in that word ;  
'Tis immortality.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Here in the body pent,  
    Absent from him, I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
    A day's march nearer home.
- 3 Forever with the Lord !  
    Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
    E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So, when my latest breath  
    Shall rend the vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
    And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,  
    How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
    Forever with the Lord !

**141.**

*COME UNTO ME.*

11s & 10s.

- 1 COME unto me when shadows darkly gather,  
    When the sad heart is weary and distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Fa-  
ther, —  
    Come unto me, and I will give you rest ; —
- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers  
    were taken,  
    When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,  
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to  
    waken,  
    Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths  
    are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling ;

Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling ;  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed ;

Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

## 142.

### CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

L. M.

1 O LORD, behold, before thy throne,  
A band of children lowly bend ;  
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,  
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,  
And gently fold them to thy breast,  
And say that such in heaven should live  
Forever safe, forever blessed.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,  
That he may teach us how to pray ;  
Make us sincere, and make each heart  
'Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4 O, let thy grace our souls renew,  
And seal a sense of pardon there ;  
Teach us thy will to know and do,  
And let us all thine image bear.

**143.**

TRUST IN CHRIST.

S. M.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,  
    My Shepherd and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to every fear ;  
    My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,  
    Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand indulgent leads,  
    And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
    My wandering feet restore,  
And guard me with thy watchful eye,  
    And let me rove no more.

**144.**

SCHOOL.

S. M.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace,  
    Love through our borders found ;  
Here may our piety increase,  
    And God's rich grace abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things ;  
    Here, though the proud despise,  
The children of the King of kings  
    Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none, who thus are taught,  
    From glory be cast down ;

But all, through faith and patience, brought  
To an immortal crown.

145.

AUTUMN.

7s & 6s,

- 1 THE leaves around me falling  
Are preaching of decay ;  
The hollow winds are calling,  
" Come, pilgrim, come away ; "  
The day, in night declining,  
Says I must, too, decline ;  
The year its bloom resigning,  
Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,  
The loves to which I cling,  
The hopes within me bounding,  
The joys that round me wing, —  
All, all, like stars at even,  
Just gleam and shoot away,  
Pass on before to heaven,  
And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends gone there before me  
Are calling from on high,  
And happy angels o'er me  
Tempt sweetly to the sky :  
" Why wait," they say, " and wither,  
' Mid scenes of death and sin ?  
O, rise to glory, hither,  
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,  
    And fain would rise and come,  
A sinner, to salvation,  
    An exile, to his home ;  
But while I here must linger,  
    Thus, thus let all I see  
Point on, with faithful finger,  
    To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

146.

KINDNESS TO OUR FRAILTY.

S. M.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord  
    To those that fear his name  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
    He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,  
    Scattered with every breath ;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
    Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,  
    Or like the morning flower ;  
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,  
    It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
    To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
    Thy words of promise sure.

147.

SAFETY IN GOD.

7s.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely,  
    Safely dwell, though danger's nigh ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Wide his sheltering wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.

- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare ;  
Christians are Jehovah's care ;  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep :  
Death and danger may be near ;  
Faith and love have nought to fear.

**148.** *MERCIES GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.* 8s & 7s.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
    Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
    Call for songs of loudest praise ;  
Teach me some melodious measure,  
    Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
    While I sing redeeming love.
- 2 By thy hand sustained, defended,  
    Safe through life, thus far, I've come ;  
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,  
    Bring me to my heavenly home ;  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
    Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
    Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee ;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart ; O, take and seal it ;  
Seal it from thy courts above.

149.

THE SORROWS OF CHRIST.

11s.

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,  
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams  
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,  
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !  
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed !  
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O, Garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot,  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot !  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;  
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love !

4 Come, saints, and adore him,—come, bow at his feet !  
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies.

**150.**

THE MERCY SEAT.

**L. M.**

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads —  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

**151.**

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? 6s & 5s.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again?  
Meet ne'er to sever?  
When will Peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never, no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,  
    Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
    Changeless forever?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill,  
    Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light  
    Take us, dear Savior;  
May we all there unite,  
    Happy forever;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel,  
    Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,  
    Meet ne'er to sever;  
Soon will Peace wreath her chain  
    Round us forever.  
Our hearts will then repose  
Safe from all worldly woes;  
Our days of praise shall close  
    Never, no, never.

**152.**

LET US, WITH A JOYFUL MIND.

7s & 6s.

1 LET us, with a joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
    Hallelujah! Amen.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

3 All things living he doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

4 He his chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

153.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

8s & 4s.

- 1 THE dearest spot of earth to me  
Is home, sweet home !  
The fairy land I long to see  
Is home, sweet home !  
There, how charmed the sense of hearing !  
There, where love is so endearing !  
All the world is not so cheering  
As home, sweet home !
- 2 I've taught my heart the way to prize  
My home, sweet home !  
I've learned to look with lover's eyes  
On home, sweet home !  
There, where vows are truly plighted !  
There, where hearts are so united !  
All the world besides I've slighted  
For home, sweet home !

154.

ST. LUKE XIII. 24-27.

7s.

- 1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate ;  
Enter ere it be too late :  
Many ask to enter there  
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And forever bar the skies :  
Then, though sinners cry without,  
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim,  
"Lord, we have professed thy name :  
We have ate with thee, and heard  
Heavenly teaching in thy word."

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity ;  
Sad their everlasting lot ;  
Christ will say, "I know you not."

**155.**      CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.      **7s.**

- 1 To thy pastures, fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,  
And my couch with tenderest care,  
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams, that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread ;  
With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

**156.**      GOD A REFUGE.      **7s.**

- 1 JESUS, Savior of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh :  
Hide me, O my Father, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;  
Leave, O, leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O God, art all I want ;  
Boundless love through Christ I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take to thee ;  
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,  
Reign to all eternity.

157.

THE GOD OF ALL GRACE.

L. M.

1 GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers  
Awake, and sing thy mighty name ;  
Thy hand revolves my circling hours —  
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round  
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;  
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,  
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe  
All to thy vast, unbounded love —  
Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
And hope of nobler joys above.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,  
Till sense and language are no more,  
And after death thy boundless grace,  
Through everlasting years, adore.

**158.**

A SONG FOR THE OPENING YEAR.

**L. M.**

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
Let mercy crown it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future — all to us unknown —  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 When death shall close our earthly songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

**159.**

WISDOM.

**C. M.**

1 How happy is the child who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the aged head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

**160.**

**THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

**C. M.**

- 1 O THOU, enthroned in worlds above,  
Our Father and our Friend,  
Lo ! at the footstool of thy love  
Thy children humbly bend.
- 2 All reverence to thy name be given,  
Thy kingdom wide displayed ;  
And as thy will is done in heaven,  
Be it on earth obeyed.
- 3 Our table may thy bounty spread,  
From thine exhaustless store,  
From day to day, with daily bread,  
Nor would we ask for more.
- 4 That pardon we to others give  
Do thou to us extend ;  
From all temptation, O, relieve,  
From every ill defend.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 And now to thee belong, Most High,  
The kingdom, glory, power,  
Through the broad earth and spacious sky,  
Till time shall be no more.

161.

GOD OUR GUIDE.

8s, 7s, & 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land :  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current ;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**162.**

HEAVEN.

7s & 6s.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things  
Towards heaven, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
Both speed them to their source.  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

**163.**

PRAISE A PLEASURE.

L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.  
2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !  
3 When shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In an eternal world of joy ?

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**164.**

THE FOUNT OF BLESSING.

8s & 7s.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.
- 2 From the fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
Mercy from above proclaiming,  
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 3 Who may share this great salvation?  
Every pure and humble mind,  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the stains of guilt refined.
- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none,  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.

**165.**

LIFE RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY.

7s & 6s.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,  
With channel broad and free,  
Its waters rippling ever,  
And hastening to the sea, —  
So life is onward flowing,  
And days of offered peace,  
And man is swiftly going  
Where calls of mercy cease.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 As moons are ever waning,  
    As hastes the sun away,  
As stormy winds, complaining,  
    Bring on the wintry day,—  
So fast the night comes o'er us,  
    The darkness of the grave ;  
And death is just before us :  
    God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure  
    Laid up in worlds above ?  
And is it all thy pleasure  
    Thy God to praise and love ?  
Beware, lest death's dark river  
    Its billows o'er thee roll,  
And thou lament, forever,  
    The ruin of thy soul.

166.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

7s & 6s.

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator,"  
    While youth's fair spring is bright,  
Before thy cares are greater,  
    Before comes age's night ;  
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
    While stars the darkness cheer,  
While life is all before thee,  
    Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"  
    Ere life resigns its trust,  
Ere sinks dissolving nature,  
    And dust returns to dust ;

Before with God, who gave it,  
The spirit shall appear :  
He cries, who died to save it,  
"Thy great Creator fear."

167.

HOME.

11s.

1 THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away ;  
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay.  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given —  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
The saints in those mansions forever at home.

2 Farewell, vain amusements ; my follies, adieu ;  
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,  
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
O, when shall I share the fruition of home ?

3 The days of my exile are passing away ;  
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
" Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
O, there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

4 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er ;  
The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;  
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome ;  
They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.  
    Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.

**168.**

HOME OF REST.

C. M.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace  
    For those with care oppressed,  
When sighs and sorrowing fears shall cease,  
    And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
    And doubts that here annoy :  
Then they that oft had sown in tears  
    Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is an hour of sweet repose,  
    When storms assail no more :  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
    On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,  
    And bliss without alloy ;  
There they that oft had sown in tears  
    Shall reap eternal joy.

**169.**

MEEKNESS.

L. M.

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,  
    Clear as the summer's evening ray,  
Calm as the regions of the blessed,  
    Enjoys on earth celestial day.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,  
    No storms his peaceful tent invade ;  
He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,  
    Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek, all mild,  
    Inspire our hearts, our souls possess ;  
Repel each passion, rude and wild,  
    And bless us as we aim to bless.

**170.**

**JESUS SHALL REIGN.**

**L. M.**

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
    Does his successive journeys run,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
    Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue  
    Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
    Their early blessings on his name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
    The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
    And all the sons of want are blessed.

4 Let every creature rise and bring  
    Peculiar honors to our King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
    And earth repeat the loud Amen.

171.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

L. M.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,  
To thy great name be reverence given ;  
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,  
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.
- 2 Thy sacred will on earth be done  
As 'tis by angels round thy throne ;  
And let us every day be fed  
With earthly and with heavenly bread.
- 3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus  
To pardon those who injure us ;  
Our shield in all temptation prove,  
And every trial far remove.
- 4 Thine is the kingdom to control,  
And thine the power to save the soul ;  
Great be the glory of thy reign ;  
Let every creature say, Amen.

172.

PETITION.

L. M.

- 1 ART thou my Father ? Canst thou hear  
My feeble and imperfect prayer ?  
Or wilt thou listen to the praise  
That such a one as I can raise ?
- 2 Art thou my Father ? Let me be  
A meek, obedient child to thee,  
And try in word, and deed, and thought,  
To serve and please thee as I ought.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a Friend,  
And only wish to do and be  
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 4 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down and take me, in thy love,  
To be thy better child above.

173.

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

L. M.

- 1 THY works proclaim thy glory, Lord ;  
The blooming fields, the singing bird,  
The tempest, and the sunny hour,  
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.
- 2 And when the setting sun declines,  
I view thee in its brilliant lines ;  
Those tints, so beautiful and bright,  
Teach me the Author of all light.
- 3 Great God, how should our worship rise  
To thee, who formed the earth and skies !  
The things that creep, the things that fly,  
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.
- 4 Then will I still adore thy name,  
Thou who forever art the same ;  
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,  
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

**174.**

THE RIVER OF GOD.

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a stream whose gentle flow  
    Supplies the city of our God !  
    Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
    And watering our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
    Supports our faith, our fear controls ;  
    Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
    And give new strength to fainting souls.

**175.**

CORONATION.

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
    Let angels prostrate fall ;  
    Bring forth the royal diadem,  
    And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
    A remnant weak and small,  
    Hail him who saved you by his grace,  
    And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
    On this terrestrial ball,  
    To him all majesty ascribe,  
    And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
    We at his feet may fall ;  
    We'll join the everlasting song,  
    And crown him Lord of all.

**176.**

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

**C. M.**

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
    Be my vain wishes stilled,  
And may this consecrated hour  
    With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;  
    To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed —  
    That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear  
    Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
    Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
    In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
    Or seek relief in prayer.

**177.**

GRATITUDE FOR PRESERVATION.

**C. M.**

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh,  
    To great Jehovah's name ;  
Sweet be the accents of our tongues  
    When we his love proclaim.
- 2 Blessed be the hand that has preserved  
    Our feet from every snare ;  
And bless the goodness of the Lord,  
    Which in this hour we share.

3 O, may the Spirit's quickening power  
Now sanctify our joy,  
And warm our zeal in works of love,  
Our talents to employ.

4 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;  
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;  
Then with our Father we shall dwell,  
A family of peace.

178.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

S. M.

1 FROM earliest dawn of life  
Thy goodness we have shared ;  
And still we live to sing thy praise,  
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,  
O Lord, our hearts incline ;  
And o'er the paths of future life  
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,  
May we that word receive ;  
And, when we hear of Jesus name,  
In that blest name believe.

4 O, let us never tread  
The broad, destructive road,  
But trace those holy paths which lead  
To glory and to God.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**179.**

GOD'S WORKS PRAISE HIM.

**S. M.**

- 1 TEN thousand different flowers  
To thee sweet offerings bear ;  
And cheerful birds in shady bowers  
Sing forth thy tender care.
- 2 The fields on every side,  
The trees on every hill,  
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,  
Proclaim thy wonders still.
- 3 These living hearts of ours  
Thy holy name would bless ;  
The blossoms of ten thousand flowers  
Would please thee, Father, less.
- 4 While earth itself decays,  
Our souls can never die ;  
O, tune them all to sing thy praise  
In better songs on high.

**180.**

PRAISE.

**L. M.**

- 1 BE thou, O God, exalted high,  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here as there obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent  
Its thankful tribute to present ;  
And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round ;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

181.

OUR DESTINY.

C. M.

1 SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

2 Sweet rose in air, whose odors wave,  
And color charms the eye !  
Thy root is even in its grave,  
And thou, alas ! must die.

3 Sweet spring, of days and roses made,  
Whose charms forever vie,  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade ;  
Thou too, alas ! must die.

4 Be wise then, mortal, while you may,  
For swiftly time has fled ;  
The thoughtless ones who laugh to-day  
To-morrow may be dead.

182.

LOVE, THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

C. M.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that fear the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfil his word !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 O, may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joys from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow,  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above,  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

**183.**

**MY FATHER'S HOUSE.**

**C. M.**

- 1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,  
Far, far beyond the skies,  
Where beauty smiles eternally,  
And pleasure never dies.
- 2 My Father's house, my heavenly home !  
Where "many mansions" stand,  
Prepared by hands divine, for all  
Who seek the "better land."
- 3 When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side,  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide, —
- 4 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.

184.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
A glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Savior speaks :  
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,  
When suddenly a star arose :  
It was the star of Bethlehem.

185.

HARVEST HYMN.

7s.

- 1 EVERY sheaf of golden grain,  
Standing on the smiling plain,  
Tells us, if we do not know,  
Whence our many blessings flow.
- 2 Thanks we bring for earthly good ;  
Nobler thanks for richer food ;  
Love divine to us has given  
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Lord, to these thy favors give  
Hearts to serve thee while we live,  
Till we reap, where Jesus is,  
Harvests of immortal bliss.

186.

CLOSE OF A TERM.

7s.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have here been taught,  
Let our memories retain ;  
May we, if we live, be brought  
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,  
Songs of praises shall be given ;  
We'll our thankfulness express,  
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

187.

THE REQUEST.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted, at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise : —

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

**188.**

THE BIBLE A TREASURE.

C. M.

1 THIS is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
Those children are divinely wise  
Who make that pearl their own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench our thirst of sin ;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
Our guide to everlasting life  
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,  
Our roving feet command ;  
Nor we forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right hand.

**189.**

CHILDREN'S PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.

7s & 6s.

1 It is not earthly pleasure,  
That withers in a day ;  
It is not mortal treasure,  
That flieth soon away ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

It is not friends, that leave us ;  
It is not sense nor sin,  
That smile but to deceive us, —  
Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth  
Joy beyond earth's control ;  
Rich from the throne it springeth,  
A fountain to the soul ;  
He that is meek and lowly  
The Savior's face shall see ;  
To none but to the holy  
Heaven's gates shall opened be.

3 Lord, be thy spirit near us,  
While we thy word are taught ;  
And may these days, that cheer us,  
With future good be fraught ;  
May we to heaven invited,  
When life and youth are flown,  
Teachers and taught united,  
Assemble round thy throne.

**190.**

FOURTH OF JULY HYMN.

**C. M.**

1 To thee, our Father and our Friend,  
This hymn to-day shall rise ;  
O, from the heavenly courts descend,  
And bless the sacrifice.

2 While through our land fair freedom's song  
Our fathers raise to thee,  
Our accents shall the notes prolong ;  
We children, too, are free.

3 The past with blessings from thy hand  
Was richly scattered o'er,  
As numerous as the countless sand  
That spreads the ocean shore.

4 O, may the future be as bright ;  
Nor be thy favors less,  
Resplendent with the glorious light  
Of peace and happiness.

**191.**

GOD'S PROTECTING CARE.

8s & 7s.

1 HOLY Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone ;  
Year by year thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, thou hast found me ;  
When I doubted, sent me light ;  
Still thine arm has been around me ;  
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I ;  
And the strife may never fail me,  
Well I know, before I die.  
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing  
Thou canst give the power I need ;  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength — the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm,  
Follow wholly thy directing,  
Thou, mine only guard from harm !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to thee when tried ;  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing ;  
Keep me ever at thy side.

**192.**

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

**C. M.**

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
With all engaging charms ;  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 O, let us then with pleasure hear,  
And seek the Savior's face,  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

**193.**

TRUST.

**S. M.**

- 1 How gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide ;  
His saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears creation up  
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
    Press down your weary mind?  
O, seek your heavenly Father's throne,  
    And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
    Unchanged from day to day;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
    And bear a song away.

194.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

L. M.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,  
    Or heaven and earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
    From everlasting, thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,  
    With thee are as a fleeting day;  
Past, present, future, to thy sight,  
    At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,  
    A passing thought, that soon is o'er,—  
That fades with morning's earliest beam,  
    And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,  
    Each passing moment so to spend  
That we at length with thee may live,  
    Where life and bliss shall never end.

195.

OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
    Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
    He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
    Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
    He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
    High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
    Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
    Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
    When rolling years shall cease to move.

196.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

L. M.

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind :  
Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

197.

PSALM CXIX. 105.

C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

198.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S WORD.

C. M.

- 1 LET avarice, from shore to shore,  
Her favorite god pursue ;  
Thy word, O Lord, we value more  
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy  
Are opened to our sight ;  
The purest gold, without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold ;  
And here the Savior's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light, descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet ;  
Here promises of heavenly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,  
And all our wants supplied ;  
Nought we can ask to make us blessed  
Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,  
That so enrich the mind,  
O, may we search with eager pains,  
Assured that we shall find.

**199.**    *YOUTH ADMONISHED.*    ECCL. XII. 1, 7.    **L. M.**

- 1 Now, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God ;  
Behold, the months come hastening on,  
When you shall say, "My joys are  
gone."
- 2 Behold, the agéd sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.

- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

**200.** TO-DAY THE ACCEPTED TIME. 2 COR. VI. 2. S. M.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time ;  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;  
The Savior calls to-day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late —  
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time ;  
The gospel bids you come ;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love ;  
Then will the angels spread their wings,  
And bear the news above.

**201.** FAITH UNDER TROUBLE. S. M.

- 1 If, through unruffled seas,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.

- 2 But should the surges rise,  
    And rest delay to come,  
Blessed be the sorrow — kind the storm  
    Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
    All yield to thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
    The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,  
    To make thy will our own ;  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
    To live by faith alone.

**202.**

THE ALMOST CHRISTIAN.

**L. M.**

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
    And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
    With here and there a traveller.
- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,  
    Is the Redeemer's great command :  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
    If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,  
    And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
    And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
    Create my heart entirely new ;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
    Which false apostates never knew.

**203.**

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

**C. M.**

1 ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise !  
    What snares beset my way !  
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,  
    And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
    And melt in flowing tears !  
My weak resistance, — ah, how vain !  
    How strong my foes and fears !

3 O, gracious God, in whom I live,  
    My feeble efforts aid ;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
    Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
    When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
    Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,  
    And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
    From happiness and thee.

**204.**

ACCESS TO GOD EVERYWHERE.

**7s.**

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;—  
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come and wait :  
He will answer every prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.

**205.**

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ADVANCING.

**7s.**

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.—  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star !—  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?—  
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day—  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends.—  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends !—  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?—  
Traveller, ages are its own ;  
See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.—  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—  
Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo ! the Son of God, is come !

206.

FRAILTY OF LIFE.

C. M.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man, of woman born !  
Thy doom is written — “Dust thou art,  
And shalt to dust return !”

2 Determined are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head ;  
The numbered hour is on the wing,  
Which lays thee with the dead.

3 Gay is thy morning : flattering hope  
Thy sprightly steps attends ;  
But soon the tempest howls behind,  
And the dark night descends !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud  
    Comes o'er the beam of light ;  
A pilgrim in a weary land,  
    Man tarries but a night.

**207.**

**GOD SEES US.**

**C. M.**

1 GOD sees and hears us all the day,  
    And 'mid the darkest night ;  
He views us when we disobey,  
    And when we act aright.

2 He guards us with a parent's care,  
    When we are all alone ;  
Our hymns of praise, our humble prayer,  
    He hears them every one.

3 God hears what we are saying now ;  
    O, what a wondrous thought !  
Our heavenly Father, teach us how  
    To love thee as we ought.

**208.**

**GOD HEARS US.**

**L. M.**

1 GOD is so good that he will hear  
    Whenever children humbly pray :  
He always lends a gracious ear  
    To what the youngest child can say,

2 His own most holy book declares,  
    That, as a tender father will,  
He listens to our lowly prayers,  
    And what we ask will grant us still.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 He loves to hear a grateful tongue  
    Thank him for all his mercies given,  
And when on earth his praise is sung,  
    The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

209.

GOD OUR CREATOR.

C. M.

1 THOU, gracious God, hast formed my mind  
    With powers of sense and thought ;  
O, may I ever be inclined  
    To use them as I ought.

2 Be all my thoughts, where'er I turn,  
    From vice and folly free ;  
And all I teach, and all I learn,  
    Referred to heaven and thee.

3 Thou, who hast formed these minds of ours  
    To reason, judge, and prove,  
Hast formed our souls with finer powers,  
    To feel, and hope, and love.

4 While reason's strength a God reveals,  
    And fain would comprehend,  
The heart with fond emotion feels  
    A Father and a Friend.

210.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

C. M.

1 THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,  
    Or decks the lily fair,  
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,  
    But God has placed it there.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 There's not of grass a single blade,  
    Or leaf of loveliest green,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
    And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light  
    Shines on the distant earth,  
And cheers the silent gloom of night,  
    But heaven gave it birth.
- 4 There's not a place in earth's vast round,  
    In ocean's deep, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom is not found ;  
    For God is everywhere.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,  
    Wherever space extends,  
There God displays his boundless love,  
    And power with mercy blends.

**211.**

**GOD THE CREATOR.**

**C. M.**

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,  
    That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
    And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
    The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
    And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
    That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures by his word,  
    And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant nor flower below  
    But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
    By order from thy throne.

**212.**      THE LORD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

7s.

- 1 CHRIST will gather in his own  
    To the place where he is gone,  
Where their heart and treasure lie,  
    Where our life is hid on high.
- 2 Day by day the voice saith, " Come,  
Enter thine eternal home ; "  
Asking not if we can spare  
    This dear soul it summons there.
- 3 Had he asked us, well we know  
    We should cry, " O, spare this blow : "  
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,  
    " Lord, we love him ; let him stay."
- 4 But the Lord doth nought amiss,  
    And since he hath ordered this,  
We have nought to do but still  
    Rest in silence on his will.
- 5 Many a heart no longer here,  
    Ah ! was all too inly dear ;  
Yet, O Love, 'tis thou dost call,  
    Thou wilt be our All in all.

**213.**

THE THUNDER-STORM.

C. M.

- 1 It thunders ! but I tremble not ;  
    My trust is firm in God ;

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

His arm of strength I ever sought  
Through all the way I've trod ;  
He saves, in danger's fearful hour,  
The children of his love ;  
His watchful eye and boundless power  
No shock of time can move.

2 The hand that gives the morning light,  
And spreads the blushing rose,  
Controls the storm with sovereign might,  
And bids it when repose ;  
'Tis he that guides the sparrow's wings,  
And keeps the insect's ways,  
And watches every herb that springs,  
And numbers all our days.

3 I therefore fear no tempest's rage,  
No lightning's dazzling fire ;  
His vows, who rules from age to age,  
My heart with trust inspire ;  
While I am his, and he is mine,  
I'm ever safe from ill ;  
O, let my heart and voice combine  
His courts with praise to fill.

**214.**      THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.      L. M.

1 A poor, wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer nay.  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whither he went, or whence he came ;  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
    He entered—not a word he spake ;  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
    I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again ;  
    Mine was an angel's portion then ;  
For while I fed with eager haste,  
    The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst  
    Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;  
The heedless water mocked his thirst ;  
    He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran and raised the sufferer up ;  
    Twice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;  
    I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night. The floods were out ; it blew  
    A winter hurricane aloof ;  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
    To bid him welcome to my roof ;  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest ;  
    I laid him on my couch to rest,  
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed  
    In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
    I found him by the highway side ;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
    Revived his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment ;— he was healed.  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
    But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemned  
    To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
    And honored him 'midst shame and scorn.  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die ;  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

7 Then in a moment to my view  
    The stranger started from disguise ;  
The tokens in his hands I knew ;  
    My Savior stood before my eyes.  
He spake, and my poor name he named—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be :  
Fear not ; thou didst them unto me."

## 215.

### NEARER HOME.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought  
    Comes to me o'er and o'er —  
I'm nearer home to-day  
    Than I ever have been before ; —

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
    Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
    Nearer the jasper sea ; —

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
    Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross —  
    Nearer gaining the crown.

- 4 But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dim and unknown stream  
That leads me at last to the light.
- 5 Closer, closer my steps  
Come to the dark abysm ;  
Closer death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism.
- 6 Savior, perfect my trust ;  
Strengthen the might of my faith ;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death ; —
- 7 Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be I'm nearer home —  
Nearer now than I think.

## 216.

THE PASSING OF TIME.

S. M.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,  
That bears us to the sea !  
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own ?  
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,  
And wealth, and honor gone.
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds  
Beyond our mortal thought ;  
While the poor remnant of their dust  
Lies in the grave forgot.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 4 There, where the fathers lie,  
    Must all the children dwell ;  
Nor other heritage possess,  
    But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,  
    Thou everlasting Friend,  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
    Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead  
    May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
    We dwell before thy face.

**217.**

**TRUST IN HIM AT ALL TIMES.**

**L. M.**

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
    When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
    Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
    Down to the deep, and buried there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid world ;  
    Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar —  
    In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While every nation, every shore,  
    Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
    Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
    And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
    Our grief allays, our fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
    And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
    Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
    Built on his truth, and armed with power.

**218.**

THE OTHER SIDE JORDAN.

8s & 7s.

1 DARK and thorny is the desert  
    Through which pilgrims make their way ;  
Yet beyond this vale of tears  
    Lie the fields of endless day :  
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,  
    Make them tremble as they go,  
And the fiery darts of Satan  
    Often bring their courage low.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary  
    Of the roughness of the way ?  
Does your strength begin to fail you,  
    And your vigor to decay ?  
Jesus, Jesus will go with you ;  
    He will lead you to his throne ;  
He who dyed his garments for you,  
    And the wine-press trod alone ; —

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,  
    He who bids the planets roll,  
He who rides upon the tempest,  
    And whose sceptre rules the whole.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Round him are ten thousand angels,  
Ready to obey command ;  
They are always hovering round you,  
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,  
Lie the fields of endless rest ;  
Love, and joy, and peace forever  
Reign and triumph in your breast.  
Who can paint the scene of glory  
Where the ransomed dwell on high ?  
They on golden harps forever  
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 There a million flaming seraphs  
Fly across the heavenly plain ;  
There they sing immortal praises ;  
Glory, glory ! is their strain.  
But methinks a sweeter concert  
Makes the heavenly arches ring ;  
And the song is heard in Zion,  
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O, their crowns ! how bright they sparkle !  
Such as monarchs never wear ;  
They are gone to richer pastures ;  
Jesus is their Shepherd there :  
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits !  
Death no more shall make you fear ;  
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,  
Shall no more distress you there.

219.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
    Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
    To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
    Sing of his rising power ;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
    For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
    Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
    And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
    Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
    In Christ, th' exalted King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,  
    " Ye blessed children, come ; "  
Soon he will call us hence away,  
    And take his wanderers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
    His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
    Of Moses and the Lamb.

220.

TIME.

L. M.

- 1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh !  
    How few will estimate a day !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Days, months, and years are rolling on,  
The soul neglected and undone.

- 2 In painful cares or empty joys  
Our life its precious hours employs,  
While Death stands watching at our side,  
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
Your Maker gave you here a place?  
Was it for this his thoughts designed  
The frame of your immortal mind?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashioned all the sons of time;  
Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be  
The heirs of immortality.
- 5 This season of your being, know,  
Is given to you your seed to sow;  
Wisdom and folly's differing grain  
In future worlds is bliss and pain.
- 6 Then let me every day review;  
Idle or busy, search it through;  
And, while probation's minutes last,  
Let every day amend the past.

**221.**

WITHOUT HOLINESS.

**S. M.**

- 1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,  
Who love this world so well?  
Or dream of future happiness  
While on the road to hell?

- 2 Shall they hosannas sing  
With an unhallowed tongue?  
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand  
Which does its neighbor wrong?
- 3 Can sin's deceitful way  
Conduct to Zion's hill?  
Or those expect with God to reign  
Who disregard his will?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone,  
Can a good hope afford:  
The pardoned and renewed shall see  
The glory of the Lord.

222.

DAY OF WRATH.

L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day, —  
When heaven and earth shall pass away !  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ? —
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O, on that day, — that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

**223.**

“THOU ART WORTHY.”

6s & 4s.

1 GLORY to God on high !  
Let earth and skies reply ;  
    Praise ye his name.  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
Sing loud for evermore,  
    Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
Bore sin’s tremendous load ;  
    Praise ye his name :  
Tell what his arm hath done,  
What spoils from death he won ;  
Sing his great name alone :  
    Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
    Praising his name,  
Those who have felt his blood  
Sealing their peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad :  
    Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our holy Lord to bless ;  
    Praise ye his name :  
In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
    Worthy the Lamb.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 What though we change our place ;  
Yet we shall never cease  
Praising his name :  
To him our songs we bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,  
In realms of endless love,  
Praise his dear name :  
To him ascribéd be  
Honor and majesty,  
Through all eternity :  
Worthy the Lamb.

**224.**

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

11s.

1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and  
Guide ;  
Whatever we want he will kindly provide ;  
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound ;  
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though  
I stray,  
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear ;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;  
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

**225.**

THE EDEN ABOVE.

12s & 11s.

1 WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and  
the holy,  
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of  
folly,

O, say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS. Will you go, will you go, will you go,  
will you go?

O, say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blesséd land, neither sighing nor  
anguish

Can breathe in the fields where the glorified  
rove;

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery lan-  
guish,

O, say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS. Will you go, will you go, will you go,  
will you go,

O, say, will you go to the Eden above?

**226.**                    *O, THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD.*

1 WE'RE going home ; we've had visions bright  
Of that holy land, that world of light,  
Where the long, dark night of time is past,  
And the morn of eternity dawns at last ;  
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,  
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home ;  
Where the brow with sparkling gems is  
crowned,  
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.

CHORUS. O, that beautiful world ! O, that beau-  
tiful world !

2 We're going home ; we soon shall be  
Where the sky is clear, and all are free ;  
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,  
And its seraph's anthems blend with its strains ;  
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,  
And beams on a world that is fair and good ;  
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,  
Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.

CHORUS. O, that beautiful world ! O, that beau-  
tiful world !

**227.**      LOVE TO THE CREATURES DANGEROUS.      C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below !  
    How false, and yet how fair !  
    Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
    And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky  
    Give but a flattering light ;  
    We should suspect some danger nigh  
    Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends, —  
    The partners of our blood, —  
    How they divide our wavering minds,  
    And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
    How strong it strikes the sense !  
    Thither the warm affections move,  
    Nor can we call them thence.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food,  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

**228.**

WATCHFULNESS.

**S. M.**

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky ; —

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil ;  
O, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live ;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured if I my trust betray  
I shall forever die.

**229.**

THE BREVITY AND IMPORTANCE OF LIFE.

**C. M.**

1 How vain, how transient are the days  
To man on earth assigned !  
They dart like eagles to their prey,  
And far outstrip the wind.

2 Our life, alas ! a narrow span,  
It glides away like dreams ;  
A cloud, a vapor, or a shade,  
Then less than nothing seems.

3 Yet, on this fleeting, shadowy dream,  
Our endless life depends,  
And in eternal bliss or woe  
The short delusion ends.

**230.**

1 MARY to the Savior's tomb  
Hasted at the early dawn ;  
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume ;  
But the Lord she loved had gone.  
For a while she lingering stood,  
Filled with sorrow and surprise ;  
Trembling, while a crystal flood  
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,  
Though too often unperceived,  
Came his drooping child to cheer,  
Kindly asking why she grieved.  
Though at first she knew him not,  
When he called her by her name,  
Then her griefs were all forgot,  
For she found he was the same.

3 But her sorrows quickly fled  
When she heard this welcome voice ;  
Christ had risen from the dead ;  
Now he bids her heart rejoice.

What a change his word can make,  
Turning darkness into day !  
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,  
When she thought her all was lost,  
Will for your relief appear,  
Though you now are tempest-tossed.  
On his word your burden cast ;  
On his love your thoughts employ ;  
Weeping for a while may last,  
But the morning bringeth joy.

**231.**

“JUST AS I AM.”

**L. M.**

1 JUST as I am — without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

2 Just as I am — and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

3 Just as I am — though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt ;  
Fightings within, and fears without :  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

5 Just as I am — thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
    O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

6 Just as I am — thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
    O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

232.

CHRIST'S LOVING KINDNESS.

L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me ;  
His loving kindness, O, how free !

2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving kindness, O, how good !

3 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
But, though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O, may my last, expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving kindness in the skies.

233.

"NEARER TO THEE."

6s & 4s.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,—  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,—  
Nearer to thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,—  
Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,—  
Nearer to thee !
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,—  
Nearer to thee !

5 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,—  
Nearer to thee.

234.

LIFE THE TIME FOR REPENTANCE.

L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 The living know that they must die ;  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Their hatred and their love are lost ;  
Their envy buried in the dust ;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste ;

But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

235.

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES.

7s.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to thy fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne ;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

236.

REST IN HEAVEN.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
    To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast :  
    'Tis found above — in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed ;  
    'Tis fair as breath of even ;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
    And find repose — in heaven.
- 3 There is a home, for weary souls,  
    By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
    And all is drear — but heaven.
- 4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
    To brighter prospects given,  
And views the tempest passing by ;  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
    And all serene — in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
    And joys supreme are given :  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
    Appears the dawn of heaven.

237.

THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departed friends,  
    Or shake at death's alarms ?

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And scattered all the gloom.
- 4 The graves of all his saints be blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest  
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord we too shall fly  
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

**238.**

*THE MOURNER COMFORTED.*

**S. H. M.**

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs:  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end:  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blessed.

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
    Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
    Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
    Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,  
    Where parting is unknown --  
A whole eternity of love,  
    Formed for the good alone ;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
    Translated to that happier sphere.

**239.**

THE JUDGMENT.

C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come ;  
    Th appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
    And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou glorious Source of all my joys,  
    Thou Sovereign of my heart ;  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
    Pronounce the sound — Depart !

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
    To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
    I must not taste his love !

4 O, tell me that my worthless name  
    Is graven on thy hands ;  
Show me some promise in thy book  
    Where my salvation stands.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**240.**     A YOUTH'S PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.     S. M.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,  
    My God, to thee I pray ;  
O, make me learn, whilst I am young,  
    How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth  
    The object of thy care ;  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
    And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,  
    Renew by power divine ;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
    And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O, let thy word of grace  
    My warmest thoughts employ ;  
Be this, through all my following days,  
    My treasure and my joy.
- 5 May thy young servant learn  
    By this to cleanse his way ;  
And may I here the path discern  
    That leads to endless day.

**241.**     THANKS FOR A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.     S. M.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue  
    I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught, and learned so young,  
    To read his holy word.

- 2 Dear Lord, this book of thine  
Informs me where to go  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.
- 3 O, may thy Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
And all thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord  
In a more cheerful strain,  
That I was taught to read his word,  
And have not learned in vain.

242.

HEAVEN.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light  
Above the starry sky,  
Where saints departed, clothed in white,  
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark ! amid the sacred songs,  
Those heavenly voices raise,  
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues  
Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey ;  
That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run,  
Our mortal frame decay ;  
Children and teachers, one by one,  
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought  
To-day on every breast,  
That both the teachers and the taught  
May enter to thy rest.

243.

THE DEAD NOT LOST.

12s & 11s.

1 THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb :  
The Savior hath passed through its portals be-  
fore thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by  
thy side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-  
fold thee,  
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath  
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
What though thy weak spirit in fear lin-  
gered long ?  
The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
For God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Savior hath died.

**244.**

WINTER.

C. M.

- 1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains,  
    Encircling nature round ;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
    Of late with verdure crowned !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
    And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
    An emblem of my heart, —
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
    In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confined in cold, inactive chains :  
    How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
    Thy soul-reviving ray ;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
    This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O, happy state, divine abode !  
    Where spring eternal reigns,  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
    Fills all the heavenly plains.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
    My drooping joys restore,  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
    Where winter frowns no more.

**245.**

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

**7s.**

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
    Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
    Never more to meet us here :  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
    They have done with all below :  
We a little longer wait,  
    But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies  
    Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies  
    Darts and leaves no trace behind, —  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
    Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
    All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
    Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
    With eternity in view ;  
Bless thy word to young and old ;  
    Fill us with a Savior's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
    May we dwell with thee above.

**246.**

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound  
    Of the revolving year :  
How swift the weeks complete their round !  
    How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
    And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done,  
    God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we spend  
    The swift-advancing year,  
And study artful ways to mend  
    The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,  
    Its great concern to see,  
That I may act the Christian part,  
    And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll  
    If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my happy soul  
    To joy that never dies. \*

**247.**

DIVINE GUIDANCE SOUGHT.

C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
    To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
    To know and do his will !
- 2 O, send thy Spirit down, to write  
    Thy law upon my heart ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands —  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

**248.**

**GRATITUDE FOR MERCIES.**

**C. M.**

- 1 GREAT God, in whom we live and move,  
Accept our feeble praise  
For all the mercy, grace, and love  
Which crown our youthful days.
- 2 For countless mercies, love unknown,  
Lord, what can we impart ?  
Thou didst require one gift alone —  
The offering of the heart.
- 3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee ;  
Preserve us by thy grace  
Till death shall bring us all to see  
Thy glory face to face.

**249.**

**FRAILTY OF LIFE.**

**L. M.**

- 1 YOUTH, health, and strength are ours to-day,  
And years to come in prospect lie ;  
But youth, health, strength must soon decay :  
This year, this moment, we may die.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 Lord, to thyself our spirits draw ;  
Bind our affections with thy love ;  
Incline our hearts to keep thy law,  
And fix our hopes on things above.

3 Heavenward our course on earth be bent,  
Where'er our future lot be cast ;  
And life, thus well and wisely spent,  
Be pure and holy to the last.

**250.**

*DEATH OF A PUPIL.*

**C. M.**

1 WHEN blooming youth is torn away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
And bow at God's command.

2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,  
O, may this truth, impressed  
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"  
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more ;  
Behold the opening tomb !  
It bids us seize the present hour —  
To-morrow death may come.

4 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power ;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

**251.**

*THE SAME.*

**8s & 7s.**

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,.  
Gentle as the summer breeze,

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low ;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,  
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us ;  
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

**252.**

*DEATH OF A PUPIL.*

**8s & 7s.**

1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded ;  
One sweet youthful voice has fled ;  
One fair brow the grave has shaded ;  
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2 But we feel no thought of sadness,  
For our friend is happy now ;  
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness  
Where the blessed angels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us ;  
But she turns and waves her hand,  
Pointing to the glories o'er us,  
In that happy spirit-land.

4 May our footsteps never falter  
In the path that she has trod ;  
May we worship at the altar  
Of the great and living God.

5 Lord, may angels watch above us,  
Keep us all from error free ;  
May they guard, and guide, and love us,  
Till, like her, we go to thee.

**253.**

DEATH OF A PUPIL.

C. M.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;  
How soon the vapor flies !  
Man is a tender, transient flower,  
That e'en in blooming, dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs ;  
And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears ;  
Thy Savior dwells on high ;  
There everlasting spring appears,  
There joys shall never die.

**254.**

THE SAME.

C. M.

1 As, bowed by sudden storms, the rose  
Sinks on the garden's breast,

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

1 Down to the grave our *brother* goes,  
In silence there to rest.

2 No more with us *his* tuneful voice  
The hymn of praise shall swell ;  
No more *his* cheerful heart rejoice  
When peals the Sabbath bell.

3 Yet if in yonder cloudless sphere,  
Amid a sinless throng,  
*He* utters in *his* Savior's ear  
The everlasting song, —

4 No more we'll mourn the absent friend,  
But lift our earnest prayer,  
And daily every effort bend  
To rise and join *him* there.

**255.**

PRAISE.

S. M.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;  
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

**256.**

BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power  
On every hand we see ;  
O, may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
    To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there our journey lead,  
    Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
    And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
    Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
    Thy hand, O God, we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive  
    Proceed alone from thee.

**257.**

**CHRIST PRECIOUS.**

**C. M.**

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
    My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
    The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
    Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
    The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,  
    That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
    'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin ;  
    He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
    His blood availed for me.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
    My great Redeemer's praise,  
    The glories of my God and King,  
    The triumphs of his grace.

**258.**    CHRIST'S DEATH AND RESURRECTION.    L. M.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
    Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
    A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
    A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
    For Him who groaned beneath your load ;  
    He shed a thousand drops for you —  
    A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree :  
    The Lord of glory dies for man !  
    But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
    Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb  
    (In vain the tomb forbids him rise) ;  
    Cherubic legions guard him home,  
    And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
    How high your great Deliverer reigns ;  
    Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
    And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, Live forever, wondrous King !  
    Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
    Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting ?  
    And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

**259.**

CHRIST RISEN.

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord is risen indeed ;  
The grave has lost its prey ;  
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,  
To reign in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;  
He lives to die no more ;  
He lives his people's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and name he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed ;  
Attending angels, hear ;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear : —
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord ;  
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

**260.**

CHRIST OUR SAVIOR.

C. M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace  
Beheld our helpless grief :  
He saw, and (O, amazing love !)  
He flew to our relief.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Savior's praises speak !

**261.**

CHRIST OUR SAVIOR.

**S. M.**

1 JESUS, thou Source divine,  
Whence hope and comfort flow, —  
Jesus, no other name than thine  
Can save from endless woe.

2 None else will heaven approve :  
Thou art the only way,  
Ordained by everlasting love,  
To realms of endless day.

3 Here let our feet abide,  
Nor from thy path depart :  
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide,  
And cheer the fainting heart.

4 Safe through this world of night,  
Lead to the blissful plains,  
The regions of unclouded light,  
Where joy forever reigns.

**262.**

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! — that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;  
No! when I blush, be this my shame, —  
That I no more revere his name?
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! — yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then I boast a Savior slain;  
And, O, may this my glory be, —  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

**263.**

CHRIST OUR SAVIOR.

S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away —  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the curséd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

**264.**

THE GOSPEL.

L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame  
May taste his grace and learn his name ;  
'Tis shown in characters of blood,  
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,  
His soul-attracting charms displays :  
Recounts his poverty and pains,  
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
Its influence makes the sinner live ;  
It bids the drooping saint revive.

**265.**

THE BIBLE.

7s.

1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !  
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !  
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;  
Mine, to teach me what I am ; —

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;  
Mine, to show a Savior's love ;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet ;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit ; —
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;  
Mine, to show, by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death ; —
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom ;  
O, thou precious book divine !  
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

**266.**

THE BIBLE.

S. M.

- 1 How perfect is thy word !  
Thy judgments all are just ;  
And ever in thy promise, Lord,  
May man securely trust.
- 2 I hear thy word in love ;  
In faith thy word obey ;  
O, send thy Spirit from above,  
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain ;  
Thy precepts all are pure ;  
And long as heaven and earth remain,  
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O, may my soul, with joy,  
Trust in thy faithful word ;  
Be it through life my glad employ  
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

267.

THE SINNER ENTREATED.

7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why ;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you for himself to live.
- 2 He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands, —  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Savior, asks you why ;  
He who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that ye might live.
- 4 Will ye let him die in vain ?  
Crucify your Lord again ?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

268.

PRAYER.

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

**269.**

GOD RECONCILED THROUGH CHRIST.

**H. M.**

1 ARISE, my soul, arise ;  
Shake off thy guilty fears :  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears :  
Before the throne my Surety stands ;  
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead :  
His blood atones for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary :  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me :  
" Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,  
" Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed one :

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled ;  
His pardoning voice I hear :  
He owns me for his child ;  
I can no longer fear :  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

**270.**

**PSALM I.**

**S. M.**

1 THAT man is ever blessed  
Who shuns the sinner's ways ;  
Amongst their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place ; —

2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labors of the day  
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root :  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;  
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race ;  
They no such blessing find :  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.

**271.**

BROTHERLY LOVE.

C. M.

- 1 Lo, what an entertaining sight  
Are brethren who agree !  
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite  
In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love from Christ, the spring,  
Descend to every soul,  
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole, —
- 3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,  
On Aaron's reverend head ;  
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

**272.**

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

8s & 7s.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's —  
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But this Savior died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,  
    Friend of sinners was his name ;  
Now, above all glory raiséd,  
    He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !  
    Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
    What a Friend we have above.

**273.**

CHRIST OUR SHEPHERD.

**S. M.**

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is ;  
    I shall be well supplied ;  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
    What can I want beside ?  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
    What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place  
    Where heavenly pasture grows ;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
    And full salvation flows ;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
    And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
    He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way  
    For his most holy name ;  
And guides me in his own right way  
    For his most holy name.

**274.**

PIETY COMMENDED TO THE YOUNG.

C. M.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near ;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Savior's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you,  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared to thee ?  
What beauty should command my love  
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

**275.**

THE SAME.

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose tender years  
Receive instruction well,  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
To seek religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our childhood we resign :  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

4 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ our youngest breath ;  
Thus we're prepared for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

**276.** WATCHFULNESS OVER THE TONGUE. **C. M.**

1 THUS I resolved before the Lord :—  
Now will I watch my tongue,  
Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
Or do my neighbor wrong.

2 If I am e'er constrained to stay  
With men of lives profane,  
I'll set a double guard that day,  
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
The pious thoughts I feel,  
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,  
I'll not be overawed,  
But let the scoffing sinners hear  
That I can speak for God.

277.

THE JUDGMENT.

C. M.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow ;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
In all I speak or do.

278.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home,—
- 2 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
    Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
    Dies at the opening day.

4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
    With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
    And lost in following years.

**279.**

DEATH NOT TO BE FEARED.

**L. M.**

1 Why should we start and fear to die ?  
    What timorous worms we mortals are !  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
    And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
    Fright our approaching souls away ;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
    Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, would my Lord his servant meet,  
    My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
    Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
    Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
When on his breast I lean my head,  
    And breathe my life out sweetly there.

280.

HAPPY LAND.

P. M.

- 1 THERE is a happy land, far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day ;  
O, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Savior King !  
Loud let his praises ring, forevermore.
- 2 Come to this happy land, come, come away ;  
Why will ye doubting stand ?  
Why still delay ?  
O, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee, blessed evermore.
- 3 Bright in that happy land beams every eye ;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
O, then to glory run ;  
Be a crown and kingdom won  
And, bright above the sun, reign evermore.

281.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
    Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
    While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
    And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
    Should fright us from the shore.

**282.**

**HEAVEN AND HELL.**

**S. M.**

- 1 THERE is, beyond the sky,  
    A heaven of joy and love ;  
And holy children, when they die,  
    Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,  
    And everlasting pains ;  
There sinners must with devils dwell,  
    In darkness, fire, and chains.
- 3 Can such a child as I  
    Escape this awful end ?  
And may I hope, whene'er I die,  
    I shall to heaven ascend ?
- 4 Then will I read and pray  
    While I have life and breath,  
Lest I should be cut off to-day,  
    And sent to eternal death.

**283.**

NO RESTING-PLACE BUT HEAVEN.

1 TELL me, ye wingéd winds, that round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more,  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?

CHORUS. The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed, for pity, as they answered,  
No!

2 Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs,  
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?

CHORUS. The loud wave, rolling in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, No!

3 And thou, serenest moon, that with such holy face  
Dost look upon the earth asleep in Night's embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Hast thou not seen some spot

Where miserable man might find a happier lot?

CHORUS. Behind a cloud the moon withdrew  
in woe,

And a voice, sweet, but sad, re-  
sponded, No !

4 Tell me, my secret soul, O, tell me, Hope  
and Faith,

Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin,  
and death ?

Is there no happy spot

Where mortals may be blessed,

Where grief may find a balm, and weariness  
a rest ?

CHORUS. Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to  
mortals given,

Waved their bright wings, and whis-  
pered, Yes ! in heaven.

## 284.

*THY WILL BE DONE.*

1 THY will be done ;

In devious way the hurrying stream of life  
may run ;

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
Thy will be done.

Hear, O, hear our prayer !

2 Thy will be done ;

If o'er us shine a gladdening and a prosperous  
sun,

This prayer will make it more divine :  
Thy will be done.

Hear, O, hear our prayer !

3 Thy will be done ;  
If shrouded o'er our path with gloom,  
One comfort — one is ours, — to breathe,  
while we adore,  
Thy will be done.  
Hear, O, hear our prayer !

4 Thy will be done ;  
And when life's closing scene shall come,  
May angels waft our spirits home, there to  
sing, around thy throne,  
Thy will be done.  
Hear, O, hear our prayer !

285.

REST.

8s & 4.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their sweet repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou traveller in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time's dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.

4 Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,  
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering-port —  
A quiet home.

286.

SUBMISSION.

8s & 6s.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O, teach me, from my heart, to say,  
Thy will, my God, be done.
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
And breathe the prayer, divinely taught,  
Thy will, my God, be done.
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?  
Submissive still, would I reply,  
Thy will, my God, be done.
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —  
I only yield thee what is thine :  
Thy will, my God, be done.
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
In life or death teach me to say,  
Thy will, my God, be done.

287.

BLESSED IS THE HOUR.

8s & 6s.

- 1 BLESSED is the hour when cares depart,  
And earthly scenes are far, —  
When tears of woe forget to start,  
And gently dawns upon the heart  
Devotion's holy star.

- 2 Blessed is the place where angels bend  
    To hear our worship rise, —  
Where kindred thoughts there musing blend,  
    And all the soul's affections tend  
        Beyond the veiling skies.
3. Blessed are the hallowed vows that bind  
    Man to his work of love, —  
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,  
    Console the weeping, lead the blind,  
        And guide to joys above.
- 4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,  
    Spirit divine, to thee,  
When they whose work is finished well  
    In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,  
        Blessed through eternity.

**288. STRIKE THE CYMBAL, OR MIRIAM'S SONG.**

- 1     **STRIKE** the cymbal,  
    Roll the tymbal,  
Let the trump of triumph sound.  
    Powerful slinging,  
    Headlong bringing  
    Proud Goliath to the ground.
- 2     From the river,  
    Rejecting quiver,  
Judah's hero takes the stone.  
    Spread your banners,  
    Shout hosannas ;  
    Battle is the Lord's alone.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3      See advances,  
        With songs and dances,  
All the band of Israel's daughters.  
Catch the sound, ye hills and waters ;  
        Spread your banners,  
        Shout hosannas ;  
Battle is the Lord's alone.

4      God of thunder,  
        Rend asunder  
All the power Philistia boasts.  
        What are nations ?  
        What their stations ?  
Israel's God is Lord of hosts.

5      What are haughty monarchs now ?  
        Lo, before Jehovah bow :  
Pride of princes, strength of kings  
To the dust Jehovah brings.  
Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise ;  
Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise ;  
Hosanna ! hosanna ! hosanna !

**289.**

*ODE ON SCIENCE.*

**8s.**

1 THE morning sun shines from the east,  
And spreads his glories to the west ;  
All nations with his beams are blessed,  
        Where'er his radiant light appears.  
So Science spreads her lucid ray  
O'er lands that long in darkness lay ;  
She visits fair Columbia,  
        And sets her sons among the stars.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 Fair Freedom, her attendant, waits  
To bless the portals of her gates,  
To crown the young and rising States  
With laurels of immortal day.  
The British yoke, the Gallic chain,  
Was urged upon her sons in vain ;  
All haughty tyrants we disdain,  
And shout, **LONG LIVE AMERICA !**

**290.**

*EPHES. VI. 10, 13.*

**S. M.**

- 1 **SOLDIERS** of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued,  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.
- 4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your victory won,  
And stand complete at last.

**291.**

*EARLY PIETY.*

**C. M.**

- 1 **YOUTH**, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

A flower, though offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin  
    To fear the Lord betimes ;  
For sinners who grow old in sin  
    Are hardened by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares  
    To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
    And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
    Our hearts we now resign ;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
    That our whole lives were thine.

**292.**

*EARLY PIETY.*

**C. M.**

- 1 O, in the morn of life, when youth  
    With vital ardor glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
    That beauty can disclose, —
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
    Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
    And character engraved ; —
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
    The sunshine of thy days,  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
    Encompass all thy ways ; —

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,  
In age will give thee rest ;  
O, then improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blessed.

293.

CHILDREN PRAISING GOD.

7s.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give —  
God, in whom we move and live ;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear ;  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;  
He reclaims the sinner lost ;  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

294.

WORSHIP.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee :  
At once they sing, at once they pray ;  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 O, write upon my memory, Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word,  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 3 With thoughts of Christ and things divine  
Fill up this sinful heart of mine,  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

**295.** DEATH NOT A TERROR TO THE CHRISTIAN. C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven declares,  
To those in Christ who die :  
Released from all their earthly cares,  
They'll reign with him on high.
- 2 Then why lament departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
Death's but the servant Jesus sends  
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardoned, we're secure ;  
Death hath no sting beside ;  
The law gave sin its strength and power ;  
But Christ, our ransom, died.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,  
When in the grave he lay ;  
And rising thence, their hopes he raised  
To everlasting day.
- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,  
" Where is thy victory, O grave ?  
And where, O death, thy sting ? "

**296.**

DEATH OF A PUPIL.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN those we love are snatched away  
    By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
    That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
    With awful power impressed,  
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"  
    Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more ;  
    Behold the opening tomb ;  
It bids us use the present hour ;  
    To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene  
    May every heart obey ;  
Nor be the faithful warning vain  
    Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O, let us to that Savior fly,  
    Whose arm alone can save :  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
    And triumph o'er the grave.

**297.**

DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

C. M.

- 1 How short the race our friend has run,  
    Cut down in all *his* bloom !  
The course but yesterday begun  
    Now finished in the tomb.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

- 2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon  
Thy years may end their flight :  
Long, long before life's brilliant noon  
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait ;  
To-day his voice regard ;  
To-morrow, mercy's open gate  
May be forever barred.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,  
Thy youthful love to gain :  
The soul that early seeks my face  
Shall never seek in vain.

**298.**

THE SINNER ENTREATED.

**7s.**

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun :  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

**299.**

THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

8s.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene thy note of woe ;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow :  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed ;  
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;  
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
Safe in the mercy of thy God :  
Thy God's thy Savior — glorious word !  
O, hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

**300.**

REV. XXII. 17-20.

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, Sinner, come ;  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come ;  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,  
    Declares, I quickly come.  
Lord, even so ; I wait thy hour :  
    Jesus, my Savior, come.

**301.**

**FOLLOWING CHRIST.**

**7s.**

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
    As we journey, let us sing —  
    Sing the Savior's worthy praise,  
    Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,  
    In the way the fathers trod ;  
    They are happy now, and we  
    Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banished once, by sin betrayed,  
    Christ our Advocate was made ;  
    Pardoned now, no more we roam ;  
    Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
    Gladly leaving all below ;  
    Only thou our Leader be,  
    And we still will follow thee.

**302.**

**HOPE.**

**C. M.**

1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
    To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
    And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There, anchored safe, my weary soul  
Shall find eternal rest ;  
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**303.**

PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN GRACES.

**S. M.**

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer :  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
    A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
    And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
    And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
    And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray, —  
    To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
    Or wish my sufferings less :  
This blessing, above all,  
    Always to pray, I want ;  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
    And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,  
    A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
    To thee and thy great name ;  
A jealous, just concern  
    For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
    And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word —  
    The promise is for me ;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
    Shall surely come from thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
    Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
    Into thy perfect love.

**304.** FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST. **L. M.**

- 1 WHENEVER the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 O, how benevolent and kind !  
How mild, how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight ;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labors of his life were love ;  
Then, if we bear the Savior's name,  
By his example let us move.
- 5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are !  
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !  
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;  
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be ;  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
O Savior, daily more like thee.

**305.** "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY." *JOB VII. 16.* 11s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the  
tomb !  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom ;  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ? —
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to  
greet ;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul.

## 306.

DEATH INEVITABLE.

C. M.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a mournful sound ;  
Mine ears, attend the cry ;  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of *all* your towers ;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace  
To raise our souls to thee,  
That we may view thy glorious face  
To all eternity.

## 307.

JOB xiv. 11-14.

S. M.

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters, lost,  
From that abyss again :
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the sphere of light.
- 3 And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Until the eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.

- 4 O, may I find in death  
A hiding-place with God,  
Secure from woe and sin, till called  
To share his blessed abode.
- 5 Cheered by this hope, I wait,  
Through toil, and care, and grief,  
Till my appointed course is run,  
And death shall bring relief.

**308.**

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

**P. M.**

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame.  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper : angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite, —  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes : it disappears ;  
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

**309. THE KEY OF MORNING AND LOCK OF NIGHT. S. M.**

- 1 COME to the morning prayer ;  
    Come, let us kneel and pray ;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
    To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
    Of Ages, rest and pray ;  
Sweet is that shadow from the heat  
    Where the sun smites by day.
- 3 At eve, shut to the door,  
    Round the home altar pray,  
And finding there the "house of God,"  
    At "heaven's gate" close the day.
- 4 When midnight seals our eyes,  
    Let each in spirit say,  
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
    With thee to watch and pray."

**310.**

"I'M GOING HOME."

8s.

- 1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair ;  
    Nor pain nor death can enter there :  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,  
    That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS. I'm going home, I'm going home,  
    I'm going home to die no more !

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
    Far, far above the starry sky :  
When from this earthly prison free,  
    That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

- 3 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow ;  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink, and cease to be,—  
This heavenly mansion stands for me.

**311.**

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

8s & 4.

- 1 My God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet, —  
The hour of prayer ?
- 2 Blessed is the tranquil hour of morn,  
And blessed that hour of solemn eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by thee renewed ;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief  
There for my every want I find ;  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
What peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,  
    No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
    In prayer to thee.

**312.**

THE DISCHARGE IN THAT WAR.

**S. M.**

1 It is not death to die, —  
    To leave this weary road,  
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,  
    To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close  
    The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
    To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear  
    The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
    Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling  
    Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,  
    To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of Life !  
    Thy chosen cannot die ;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
    To reign with thee on high.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**313.**

HYMN OF COLUMBUS.

6s & 5s.

[For the Anniversary of the Discovery of America, Oct. 11, 1492.]

**1 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS ! \***

This glorious morn,  
From the bosom of ocean,  
A world has been born ;  
And he, who first kindled  
The sun with his breath,  
Has brought light from darkness,  
And life out of death.

**2 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS !**

Yes, isles of the main,  
Through ages of error  
That slumbering have lain,  
Lift up your glad voices ;  
The shadow that lay  
Upon you, his presence  
Has turned into day.

**3 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS !**

Ye nations, that lie  
In the noontide of truth,  
From the Dayspring on high,  
Your songs of thanksgiving  
To God, the SUPREME,  
Pour forth without ceasing —  
SALVATION's the theme !

\* “ We praise thee, Lord.”

**314.**      "MORIATUR ANIMA MEA MORTE JUSTORUM." 12s & 11s.

1 WHILE I dwell, O my God, in this valley of tears,

For refuge and comfort I fly unto thee ;  
And when death's awful hour with its terrors appears,

O, merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

(Repeat two last lines for Chorus.)

2 When my soul, on the verge of its final release,

By the shadows of death o'erclouded shall be,

When earthly enjoyments forever shall cease,  
Thou, joy of the dying, bring mercy to me.

(Chorus as before.)

3 When my strength shall decline, and my anguish increase,

And my sins, beyond number, with terror I see,

When I turn to thy mercy for pardon and peace,

Then, Hope of the sinner, beam brightly on me.

(Chorus.)

4 When weakened by illness, by terror oppressed,

My pains and my terrors I offer to thee ;

When vainly I seek for some solace or rest,

Then, Strength of the martyrs, bring comfort to me.

(Chorus.)

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

5 When my reason shall fail, and my life shall decay ;

When the scenes of this world shall vanish and flee ;

When sunshine and shower alike pass away,  
Then, Light of the blessed, smile sweetly on me.

(Chorus.)

6 When, heedless of earth and of all that surround me,

For pardon and mercy I call upon thee,  
When death with its fetters forever has bound me,

Then, Jesus, sweet Jesus, be Jesus to me.

(Chorus.)

7 When, weeping, my friends shall with fervor implore thee,

My Strength, my Protector, my Succor to be,

When, helpless and lonely, I tremble before thee,

Then, Fountain of mercy, have mercy on me.

(Chorus.)

8 *Then*, dear Lord, the dark chain of my miseries sever,

*Then*, Rest of the weary one, call me to thee ;

*Then*, Crown of the just, be my portion forever ;

*Then*, merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.

(Chorus.)

**315.**

AULD LANG SYNE AT SCHOOL.

- 1 SHALL school acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne?  
For auld lang syne at school,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.
- 2 We oft have cheered each other's task  
From morn till day's decline ;  
But memory's night shall never rest  
On auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.
- 3 Then take the hand that now is warm,  
Within a hand of thine ;  
No distant day shall loose the grasp  
Of auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

**316.**

NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

- 1 BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow ;  
Death is o'er and life is won ;  
Upon thy slumber dawns no morrow ;  
Rest ; thine earthly race is run ;  
O, rest ; thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake ; the night is waning ;  
Endless day is round thee poured ;  
Then enter thou the rest remaining  
For the people of the Lord,  
For the people, &c.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 Brother, wake ; for He who loved thee,—  
    He who died that thou mightst live,—  
For he who graciously approved thee,—  
    Waits thy crown of joy to give,  
    Waits thy crown, &c.

4 Fare thee well ; though woe is blending  
    With the tones of earthly love,  
Then triumph high, and joy unending,  
    Wait thee in the realms above,  
    Wait thee, &c.

317.

## STAR OF THE EAST.

11s & 10s.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining ;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ;  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
    Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
    Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

318.

SWEAR NOT.

7s & 6s.

1 WHEN joy thy heart is swelling,  
    When thou art wild with glee,  
When laughter shouts are telling  
    Of schoolboys' revelry, —  
O, *swear not* in thy playing !  
    *Swear not* thy WIT to show !  
The NAME we use in praying,  
    Canst thou profane it so ?

2 When angry thoughts invade thee,  
    And prompt unkind desire, —  
If petty wrongs have made thee  
    Speak out thy burning ire, —  
O, *swear not* in thy playing !  
    *Swear not* thy WRATH to show !  
The NAME we use in praying,  
    Canst thou profane it so ?

3 When sportive tongues invite thee  
    To wordy contests vile,  
Still striving to delight thee  
    By oaths and mingled smile, —  
O, *swear not* in thy playing !  
    *Swear not* thy SKILL to show !  
The NAME we use in praying,  
    Do not profane it so !

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**319.**      **MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY.**      **C. M.**

- 1 My Shepherd will supply my need ;  
Jehovah is his name ;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways,  
And leads me, for his mercies' sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay ;  
One word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.

**320.**      **HAIL, COLUMBIA.**

- 1 **HAIL**, Columbia, happy land !  
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won !  
Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost ;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

**CHORUS.** Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty ;  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 Immortal patriots, rise once more ;  
Defend your rights, defend your shore ;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
    In invade the shrine where sacred lies  
    Of toil and blood the well-earned prize ;  
    While offering peace, sincere and just,  
    In heaven we place a manly trust,  
    That truth and justice will prevail,  
    And every scheme of bondage fail.

CHORUS. Firm, united, &c.

3 Sound, sound the trump of fame !  
    Let noble Washington's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause,  
Ring through the world with loud applause ;  
    Let every clime to Freedom dear  
    Listen with a joyful ear ;  
    With equal skill and godlike power,  
    He governs in the fearful hour  
    Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
    The happier times of honest peace.

CHORUS. Firm, united, &c.

4 Behold the chief who now commands,  
    Again to serve his country, stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat ;  
    But, armed in virtue, firm and true,  
    His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.  
    When hope was sinking in dismay,  
    And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
    His steady mind, from changes free,  
    Resolved on death or liberty.

CHORUS. Firm, united, &c.

321.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1 O, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
    What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
        last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through  
    the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-  
    lantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-  
    ing in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag  
    was still there:  
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet  
    wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
    brave?

(Repeat two last lines for Chorus.)

2 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of  
    the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
    silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-  
    ering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-  
    closes?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's  
    first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream :  
'Tis the star-spangled banner ; O, long may it  
    wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
    brave.

(Chorus, as before.)

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 And where is that band, who so vauntingly  
    swore  
    That the havoc of war, and the battle's con-  
        fusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no  
    more? —  
    Their blood has washed out their foul foot-  
        steps' pollution.  
No refuge can save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the  
    grave;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
    wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
    brave.

(Chorus.)

4 O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
    Between their loved home and the war's  
        desolation;  
Blessed with victory and peace, may the  
    heaven-rescued land  
    Praise the power that hath made and pre-  
        served us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is  
    just;  
And this be our motto: "In GOD is our  
    trust;"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
    wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
    brave.

(Chorus.)

322.

AMERICA.

- 1 CLIME beneath whose genial sun  
Kings were quelled and freedom won,  
Where the dust of Washington  
    Sleeps in glory's bed ;  
Youthful nation of the west,  
Rise with truer greatness blessed ;  
Sainted bands from realms of rest  
    Watch thy brightening fame.
- 2 Crownless Judah mourns in gloom ;  
Greece lies slumbering in the tomb ;  
Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,  
    Lost her conquering name.  
Heroes from thy sylvan shade  
Changed the plough for battle-blade ;  
Holy men for thee have prayed,  
    Patriot martyrs bled.
- 3 Empire of the brave and free,  
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea ;  
Who would bid thee bend the knee  
    To a tyrant's power ?  
Victory is thy armor bright,  
Liberty thy beacon-light,  
God himself thy shield and might ;  
    Bow to him alone.

323.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

L. M.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;  
    So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
When faith, endued from heaven with power,  
    Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
    That smile upon his wasted cheek ;  
They tell us of his glory nigh,  
    In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die like those  
    Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless,  
To sink into that soft repose,  
    Then wake to perfect happiness ?

**324.**

GOODNESS OF GOD.

C. M.

1 FATHER, I love to read of thee,  
    And learn of heaven above ;  
To hear what thou hast done for me,  
    By thy unerring love.

2 I know that all this world contains  
    Was made and formed by thee ;  
And yet the Power which all sustains  
    Has thought and cared for me.

3 That thou art ever kind and good,  
    My constant blessings prove ;  
My home, my school, my daily food,  
    Speak thy unfailing love.

4 Father, I know each living thing  
    Should sing its Maker's praise ;  
O, let me, then, my tribute bring,  
    My humble offering raise.

325.

A NEW HEART DESIRED.

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a-heart to praise my God,  
    A heart from sin set free,  
    A heart that always feels how good,  
    How kind thou art to me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
    My great Redeemer's throne,  
    Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
    Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
    Believing, true, and clean,  
    Which neither life nor death can part  
    From Him that dwells within ! —
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
    And full of love divine,  
    Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
    A copy, Lord, of thine.

326.

EARLY PIETY.

7s.

- 1 YOUNG and happy while thou art,  
    Not a furrow on thy brow,  
    Not a sorrow in thy heart,  
    Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now.
- 2 In its freshness bring the flower,  
    While the dew upon it lies,  
    In the cool and cloudless hour  
    Of the morning sacrifice.

**327.**

RELIGION A TREASURE.

S. M.

- 1 "ONE thing have I desired,"  
The Hebrew Psalmist said ;  
O, would that thou wouldest seek it too,  
Ere youth and breath are fled !
- 2 The volume of the Lord  
Will teach the path of light  
To that rich treasure in the land  
Where all is pure and bright.
- 3 O, seek upon its page  
The words of Christ to find,  
Till error, sin, and worldliness,  
By thee are left behind ; —
- 4 And thou that treasure gain  
Which shall not fade away —  
A home eternal in the land  
Where beams perpetual day.

**328.**

DEATH.

S. M.

- 1 THE lilies of the field,  
That quickly fade away,  
May well to us a lesson yield,  
For we are frail as they !
- 2 Just like an early rose,  
I've seen an infant bloom ;  
But death, perhaps, before it blows,  
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 3 Then let us think on death,  
Though we are young and gay ;

For God, who gave our life and breath,  
Can take them both away.

4 To God, who made them all,  
Let children humbly fly :  
And then, whenever death may call,  
They'll be prepared to die.

**329.**

HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

**S. M.**

1 AND must this body die ?  
This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often, from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love ;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.

5 O Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till strains of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

**330.**

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

L. M.

- 1 IN life's gay morn let children learn  
    To love the sacred place of prayer ;  
From sinful ways delight to turn,  
    And early pay their tribute there.
- 2 Let buoyant hearts harmonious blend,  
    As youthful lips are tuned to sing,  
And lofty strains of praise ascend  
    To heaven's exalted, glorious King.

**331.**

PRAYER OFFERED BY YOUTH.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, we are young ; thy help we need,  
    For various foes infest our way ;  
Be thou to us a Friend indeed,  
    Nor let us from thy precepts stray.
- 2 From wayward paths our feet restore,  
    And keep our tongues from speaking guile ;  
And O, preserve us evermore  
    From sin's seducing, luring smile.
- 3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire ;  
    To thee our every power incline ;  
And may the pure, celestial fire  
    Within our bosoms ever shine.
- 4 O, let the morning of our days  
    To thee, and thee alone, be given ;  
Increase our love, approve our ways,  
    And guide us safely into heaven.

**332.**

CHRIST AS A CHILD.

**C. M.**

- 1 THE Son of God was once a child,  
    A sweet and sinless one,  
With winning ways and accents mild—  
    God's dear and only Son.
- 2 No angry look, or scornful word,  
    No wrong of any kind,  
E'en when abused, the Savior showed,  
    But conduct all divine.
- 3 In patient toil, with humble fare,  
    He passed his early days ;  
Then suffered death, that we might share  
    A heaven of love and praise.
- 4 O Savior, help us to be pure,  
    And meek and kind like thee,  
Life's evils patiently endure,  
    And youthful follies flee.

**333.**

“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

**L. M.**

- 1 AWAKE, asleep, by night, by day,  
When at my study or my play,  
Although the Lord I cannot see,  
His eye is always fixed on me.
- 2 God never will forsake his own ;  
He will not leave me when alone ;  
When not another friend is near,  
May I remember “God is here.”

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

3 O, may I try to please him still,  
To know, and love, and do his will :  
Then will it joy and gladness be,  
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

**334.**

*JESUS A GUIDE.*

**7s.**

1 **SHEPHERD** of thy little flock,  
Lead us to the shadowing rock  
Where the richest pastures grow,  
Where the living waters flow.

2 By that pure and silent stream,  
Sheltered from the scorching beam,  
Shepherd, Savior, Guardian, Guide,  
Keep us ever near thy side.

**335.**

*THE SAVIOR'S BLESSING.*

**S. M.**

1 **SAVIOR**, do thou appear,  
Our pleasant school to bless :  
Give to our youthful hearts thy fear,  
And perfect righteousness.

2 Thy boundless grace reveal ;  
And all our fears remove ;  
And let our youthful spirits feel  
The kindlings of thy love.

3 Subdue our hearts to thee,  
And may our infant tongues  
From all offence and guile be free,  
And full of cheerful songs.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

4 Call us each one by name,  
Receiye each child as thine ;  
And O, regard our youthful claim  
With benefits divine.

**336.**      DEAR SAVIOR, HEAR OUR PRAYER.      **S. M.**

1 DEAR Savior, hear our prayer :  
We bow before thy throne ;  
O, may we find acceptance there,  
And peace before unknown.

2 Dear Savior, hear our prayer :  
O, turn not thou away ;  
For, in temptation's fearful hour  
Thou art our only stay.

3 Dear Savior, hear our prayer :  
No other power but thine  
Can fill our souls with heavenly joy,  
With rays of light divine.

4 Dear Savior, hear our prayer :  
On thee alone we call ;  
O, keep our feet in wisdom's way,  
That we may never fall.

**337.**      IMPORTANCE OF THE BIBLE TO THE YOUNG.      **C. M.**

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth :  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

## 338.

### WISE REFLECTIONS.

### C. M.

- 1 WHY should we spend our youthful days  
In folly and in sin,  
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,  
And bids us walk therein ?
- 2 Folly and sin our peace destroy ;  
They glitter, then are past ;  
They yield a moment's fleeting joy,  
And end in death at last.
- 3 But if true wisdom we possess,  
Our joys shall never cease ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.
- 4 O, may we now, in youthful days,  
Attend to wisdom's voice,  
And make her holy, happy ways  
Our own delightful choice.

339.

ISAIAH XL. 6-8.

L. M.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold ;  
As careless of the noonday heats,  
And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's more fervent ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colors shine,  
And sweeter than the opening rose.
- 4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;  
Revive, with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven shall recompense our pains ;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

340.

JOHN XIV. 6.

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the Way ; to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

- 2 Thou art the Truth ; thy word alone  
    True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
    And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
    Proclaims thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in thee  
    Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
    Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
    Whose joys eternal flow.

**341.**

EPHES. v. 14-17.

7s.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;  
    Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;  
    Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death ;  
    See the bright and living path ;  
Watchful tread that path ; be wise —  
    Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime ;  
    From this hour redeem the time ;  
Life secure without delay ;  
    Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still ;  
    Called of Jesus, learn his will ;  
Jesus calls from death and night —  
    Jesus waits to shed his light.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

**342.**

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

**7s.**

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King :  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem —
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see ;  
Hail th' incarnate Deity,  
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell ;  
Jesus, now Immanuel.
- 5 Risen with healing in his wings,  
Light and life to all he brings ;  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

**343.**

THE ACADEMY BELL.

- 1 THE academy bell ! the academy bell !  
How I love of its cheerful tones to tell !  
Its echoes resounding far and wide,  
From the silvery dome to the green hill-side ;  
And the toll, borne on by the breezes cool,  
Tells the passer-by 'tis the hour of school ;  
Rest from your play, for ye know full well  
Why thus gently rings th' academy bell.

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

2 The mind of youth's like the tender vine  
That seeks support from the aged pine ;  
The seeds of knowledge are planted there,  
And watered and nurtured till fruits appear ;  
But list ! we know by the merry shout,  
And the ringing laugh, that school is out ;  
A moment more, and the breezes swell  
The tones of th' old academy bell.

3 Many, ah, many have passed away,  
Like the setting sun at the close of day ;  
Or like a cloud that floats at even,  
'Mid the spangled arch of yon blue heaven ;  
Once they were happy and young as we,  
With hearts as gay and fancy free ;  
But their spirits have gone with the blessed to  
dwell,  
No more to hear th' academy bell.

4 Should we not sadden to think of their doom,  
Cut down amid their youthful bloom ?  
Yet time will speed on, with its fleeting wings,  
To close the source of life's flowing springs ;  
And our souls shall mount on the wings of love,  
And communion hold with the souls above ;  
But our bodies shall rest in the grave's deep  
cell,  
Far from the sound of th' academy bell.

**344.**                    *PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.*                    7s & 6s.

1 Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright ;  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;

*CLOSING OF SCHOOL.*

Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And, in thy closet kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be ;  
Then, for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And blend with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing,  
Thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throne of glory,  
Where dwells eternal love.

**345.**

*PARTING SONG.*

10s & 6s.

1 BRIGHT be our parting where brightly we're  
met ;  
Voices of music are echoing yet ;  
Tones that we love to hear  
Swell on the listening ear,  
Hark ! now in notes so clear, singing, "Good  
night."

2 Swift speed the moments of meeting with you,  
Hours that enjoyments have tinged as they  
flew,  
Bright as still waters lie,  
Where glittering stars on high  
Bend from the quiet sky, gleaming, "Good  
night."

**346.**

FROM PSALM CL.

L. M.

1 O, PRAISE the Lord in that blessed place,  
From whence his goodness largely flows ;  
Praise him in heaven, where he his face,  
Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts  
Which he in our behalf has done ;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice  
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;  
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,  
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;  
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those  
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he does to them afford,  
In just returns of praise employ :  
LET EVERY CREATURE PRAISE THE LORD !











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